

THE BETTER WAY

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VOLUME 3.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 4, 1888.

NUMBER 57.

THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors
M. G. YOUNG, President,
J. S. MCKENNA, Treasurer.

L. BARNEY, EDITOR
Assisted by a Corps of Able Writers

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 4, 1888.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - TWO DOLLARS and a Half per Year, strictly in advance. Three Dollars to any Foreign Country in the Postal Union. In the United States THE BETTER WAY will be sent Four Months for One Dollar.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be inserted at Fifteen Cents per line, Nonpareil, for first insertion, and Ten Cents per line thereafter. Special contracts for long time advertisements.
Publication Office, 222 West Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is frequently inconvenient to send SAMPLE COPIES from our latest issues, but a fair sample will be sent to all applicants, without regard to date. It is a pleasure to fill such orders.

Written for The Better Way.

SIX CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF A SPIRIT.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

CHAPTER IV.

"MISS ANGEL" REAPPEARS.

A little girl, forlorn, hungry, and sad, standing upon the corner of a dusty street eagerly gazing into the distance with the anxious hope of seeing one gentle face appearing once more in her path, the tangled, matted hair falling over her shoulders beneath its ragged hat, and her greasy little hands grasping the old basket, as she leans forward in almost breathless expectation of meeting a person that never came. This is the picture that presents itself to spirit Daisy in that beautiful spot where the lights and shadows upon the flowery aisle in beautiful precision, and where the musical sound of childish voices daily awaken mystic echoes as they sweetly repeat the valuable and instructive precepts and lessons imported to them by teachers of the better land.

For the time, the scene and her surroundings are blotted out from the child's vision; she does not behold the group of studious scholars, the benevolent teacher, nor that party of visitors who stand just in advance of her seat. Only one of the number is visible to her sight, the face of the gentle young lady who has spoken, and whose fleecy, lace like robes fall around her form in graceful folds. Somehow, Daisy knows that she has seen that face before, and that it is one she has long watched for and desired to meet. And now, other pictures of the past arise before her childish vision: she beholds the same little ragged, unkempt girl standing before an open carriage in which a pale and delicate young woman is seated; in the outstretched hand of the lady is a bright silver coin—slowly it dawns on the child that it is money, and money is something with which the people of that world where the carriage was, used for purchasing the good things of life. The hand has just dropped a round golden orange into the basket of the beggar maid; and now the little one seems to hear a far-off silvery voice repeating strangely familiar words; as: "Now little one, run home, and some day I will try to find you. When I get strong again I am going to try and help some of the poor little waifs in this city, and I won't forget Betsey Brown." "Betsey Brown"—who was she? and then it all flashed on the child—the dingy abode in Smudge Court, the quarrelsome family with whom she had lived, old "Marm Stebbins" and her crabbed disposition, all came back to her; and in this moment of retrospection little Daisy recalled the events of her long-past earthly life, and remembered what and where she had been. The full force of her lonely, pent up, miserable life, broke in upon the startled child, and out of the darkness gleamed the white face of the lady who had served her so graciously and for whose coming she had longed and even wept in her childish grief. Now, the same fair face beamed before her, less pallid, more sweet and beautiful, if that could be

and touched with a heavenly light. It was, yes, it was the same; and, with a great and fervent gasp, Daisy stretched out her hands toward the lady, and cried: "Miss Angel, Miss Angel! come at last!" grasping the folds of the visitor's snowy robes, as if to hold her forever more. It had all passed so rapidly that the lady was still speaking to the teacher, in reply to the questions put to her concerning her experience in other schools in spirit life.

Now, as the little form darted forward and clasped her robes, she looked at first puzzled and surprised; but in a moment she recognized the child, and raising her to her feet, she said: "Why Betsey Brown—it is little Betsey, is it not? I am truly glad to find you again, and in such a lovely place as this—tell me child how did it come about? I did not forget you; but I only remained a little while on earth after our meeting. I was very ill, and I could not see any one; but after coming to this life I thought of you, but could find no trace of the little girl that had so attracted me."

Of course, this very interesting episode drew the attention of not only Miss Angel's companions, but of the teachers and pupils as well. The story of this reunion, and what had preceded it, had to be told, and then it transpired that the young lady whose mortal name had really been "Angela Howard," had been a resident of the spirit world about four years; that because of the distress of those dear friends she had left on earth, over her death, she had been frequently attracted back to the mundane world, and had spent much of her time in seeking to influence the minds of her friends to deeds of kindly benevolence for the poor.

Visions and remembrances of little Betsey Brown—whom she had seen but once during her mortal career, haunted the good spirit; and once or twice she had gotten near to the child in her miserable life. But the magnetic atmosphere of Smudge Court had been so murky, and the quarrelsome, turbulent dispositions of its inmates had been so repulsive to Miss Angel—as we shall henceforth call the lady—that it was seldom she could overcome their influences sufficiently to get near the child. A very few times she had done this thing however; and on such days a little more of brightness than was usually allotted to the waif gleamed across her path.

On the day that Betsey met Mr. Adams so forcibly, and was so generously benefited by his kind hand, Miss Angel was beside the child. The good spirit had watched the wretched refusals for aid that were not bestowed that day, and had looked about for some assistance of a practical kind. In her former life she had known something of Adams and his ebullitions of a benevolent character, and to-day she found him in his best condition and succeeded in contriving the meeting between that warm-hearted man and the little street-waif of which we have had an account.

After Betsey had been taken ill, and especially at the time of her decease, Miss Angel had lost track of her *protégée*, and had never come in contact with her until to-day in the summer land where children dwell.

It was now explained, by the teacher, that undoubtedly all association between the child and her Miss Angel had been severed for wise purposes. It had not been desirable for the little girl to retain any memory of her former miserable life and its vicious surroundings, until the entire influence of that career had been dispelled from her nature, and its atmosphere dissipated. Because of this method, the spirit guardians and teachers could work more easily to eradicate the seeds of inherited evil from her heart, and to overcome any unlovely tendencies of character that might possibly have sprung into existence, while, at the same time, they could attend and nurture into life the sweet attributes and principles of the spirit that belong to the highest nature. Thus, all knowledge of her former existence as Betsey Brown had been removed from her until, as spirit Daisy, she could bear the revelation and meet those she had known without a shock. But by this time the spiritual part had gained such power as to over-balance and repress all earthly taint in the little life, and it was not only safe, but pleasant and desirable for Daisy to meet Miss Angel once more, even if the encounter brought to the little one the unhappy memories of a wretched past.

The trials and the sorrows were over; never more would Betsey Brown renew the experiences of her mortal life. She was dead; but all that was purest and best in her nature had survived and blossomed in the life of spirit Daisy. From her

memories of the past this young spirit would gain strength of character and loveliness of soul. Through them her sympathies and compassions for other unfortunate waifs would flourish and expand into beautiful manifestations of love; and the more delicate and refined parts of her being would only grow with greater lustre by their contrast with what her portion must have been amid the slums of earth; and thus would the very remembrances prove of untold value in the time to come.

Now, that she had found her former friend, Daisy seemed afraid to lose her again; but there was no cause for fear. Miss Angel had come to Happy Valley for the expressed purpose of sojourning there and taking care of some of its little ones if there should be room for her. There is always power and opportunity and field for labor in any chosen pursuit of progressive spirits; and therefore the lady had no difficulty in finding employment and a place in this charming locality. It was with satisfaction, and even a feeling of joy, that she bade farewell to the companions who had conducted her hither, and who were about to travel to other parts of the great spirit world. Miss Angel had no desire to go with them; she felt that her place was here, and that if she could be of assistance in receiving any of the little ones that earth discards, and in training them to move into paths of usefulness and honesty, she should find the fruition of her work in the contemplation of its results.

Only a short time before, a master workman, of marvellous execution and wondrous power, had appeared in the valley, and selected a spot by the side of a small but exceedingly crystal-like lake, just in the shadow of two stately trees, had, in a very brief period of time, erected a snowy dwelling thereon, which now stood completed but untenanted. The wiser men and women of the valley, who exercised a sort of guardianship over its inhabitants, and who, in a measure, directed its affairs, and who supervised its school commissioners, seemed to know very well for whom this pleasant abode was intended; but, as yet, no word had gone forth in relation to their knowledge, and much interest was displayed by the children, as they played upon the banks skirting the lake, or glided over its silver surface in their diaphanous, toward the pretty dwelling and its sunny interior.

Miss Angel, for a few days, sojourned with Martha Dune, and Daisy had the pleasure of her company upon more than one charming excursion and attractive walk. The two women seemed to grow rapidly together in unity of spirit; and while Martha found in her guest the complement of powers that she did not possess, and which brought her strength and peace as they reached her life from this other soul. Miss Angel, in turn, received from her hostess a helpful influence and magnetic support in the new path she had entered upon that proved of the greatest encouragement.

What would Amasa Howard, the rich and influential merchant have said to his daughter eschewing the more splendid possessions and advantages of the upper circles of society and taking her place with a band of enthusiasts who had gone out as missionaries of light and as ministers of peace in other lands to the degraded and the ignorant? And this was what the cherished daughter had done in the spirit-world, voluntarily renouncing the companionship of grand intellects, and the glories of high courts, to take her place with the devoted souls, who care more for the welfare of earth's neglected waifs than for the adulation of the multitude or the splendors of a kingdom.

(To be continued.)

Last year a Russian peasant, living near Odessa, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for blasphemy. A correspondent of the London Times was recently present in the Appellate Court of Odessa while the peasant's appeal was being heard. He writes as follows: "The appellant's offence was this: Tired and weary after a long day's labor in the harvest-field last year he entered the village tavern and drank a glass of vodka. After this appetizer he was supplied with a small meat roll, called in Russian 'pirog.' The peasant found the 'pirog' such excellent eating that he exclaimed: 'I would rather kiss the girl who made this pirog than the icon!' The latter is the sacred picture never absent from any Russian habitation, before which it is usual for visitors to uncover and cross themselves. The peasant's exclamation was highly complimentary to the cook of the tavern, but the parish priest, to whom it was reported, heard and judged it in a different light. Hence the prosecution and sentence. The peasant whom I saw enter the box and devoutly cross himself before the 'icon' in court, was a middle aged, jovial, and good-tempered looking man, who appeared much relieved by the court reducing the original sentence to one month's arrest." Orthodox religion is evidently well guarded in "Holy Russia," where, as Bakounine says, "they are so jealous of the glory of their God that they have no heart left for the liberty or the dignity or even sufferings of living men."

Spiritual Experience of an Old Sea Captain.

We are indebted to the "Banner of Light" for the following, translated from the "Neue Spiritualistische Blaetter," Berlin, April 5, 1888:

"In the year 1853 I made a journey around Cape Horn, in company with my wife, who one day said to me: 'Can you explain the knockings which I hear so often in the cabin?' I answered: 'Perhaps it comes from spirits.' When she again heard knockings I went with her to the cabin, and by the alphabet the name Lydia was spelled out. This was the name of my wife's dead mother, and we now knew that she was with us on our journey. When it was very stormy, and my wife, from the heavy rolling of the vessel, became frightened, she was reassured when she from the knocks spelled out: 'Be still; there is no danger.'"

"One morning, at half past one, she woke me and said: 'Quick! up! I hear knockings; may be it denotes danger.' Since in my former travels I have had, during the middle of the night, an experience of shipwreck, I am in the habit of keeping most of my clothes on in stormy weather; therefore it was not long before I was on deck. I found the head sailor on look-out; nothing unusual had taken place, but I said to him: 'In a night like this my vessel was once run down; therefore look out sharp—examine everything and see that all is right.'"

"I returned to the cabin and informed my wife that I had not discovered any danger. Immediately after we heard knockings which spelled out, 'The ship Sabine is near—therefore be careful, so as not to strike together.' I rushed on deck just in time to avoid a collision with the coming vessel, which passed very near with the utmost haste, so that we, in the storm and darkness, could not even 'speak' her. Just as I was conversing with my wife about what had taken place, and had remarked that the danger might come at some time so quickly that we could not have opportunity to spell out the knockings, we heard raps again, which rendered this sentence: 'In every coming danger we will knock five in the direction from which that danger threatens.' I said: 'Give me proof of it,' and in the same moment came five loud knocks as from a hammer—so pronounced as to have awakened any one from sleep, had such been his condition."

Luther R. Marsh.

(From an article by Louis F. Post, in New York Standard.)

Madame Diss Debar may be a mere adventuress and confidence woman, her spirit portraits the veriest dabs, and her professions of supernatural power another variety of fraud. But nothing appears to justify the flippancy with which Mr. Marsh's convictions are treated. Mr. Marsh has for years been one of the leading lawyers of the State. He has been accustomed to sift evidence and weigh facts. It is true he is an old man, but until now no one has suspected that his faculties were weakening, nor is now suspected except in reference to this particular matter. He has a large practice, to which he devotes his usual attention and skill, and he holds a public office in which he exhibits the same intelligence and judgment that have always characterized him. But he says that this woman, Diss Debar, has produced paintings in his presence, under circumstances that made the interposition of human agency impossible. He may be deceived; but his sincerity is not disputed, and his judgment should not be ridiculed.

The explanation that spirit rappings are produced by the medium's toe-joints is not satisfactory to anyone who has heard such rappings made under the influence of non-professional mediums, who have no possible object in deceiving, and who do not attribute the rappings to spirits. Nor can that explanation be accepted by anyone who doubts the ventriloquist power of toe-joints.

No explanation has been made of the movements of heavy tables in response to the mere touch of a medium; and while slate writing may be done by sleight of hand so as to deceive the most vigilant, it is difficult to understand how a sleight of hand performer can, by his art, make writing appear on your own slates, while they are locked in a drawer of your own table and in your own house, as some slate writing mediums do. As of rapping, table moving, and slate writing, so of other manifestations claimed to be spiritual. They may be jugglers' tricks always, as they undoubtedly are at times; but it is worthy of note that jugglers never perform them except in places adapted to trickery, and that people wholly incompetent as jugglers do perform them in places not at all adapted to trickery.

Whether these phenomena, assuming them to be real, are spiritual revelations, or manifestations of some unknown natural force, everyone must judge for himself on his own experience. But whether or not they are only tricks is a problem that may be solved to the satisfaction of candid minds. It cannot be solved, however, so long as a claim of power to produce the manifestations is regarded as conclusive evidence of fraud, and belief in their genuineness as proof of idiocy.

Materialization.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I like very much THE BETTER WAY of July 28th; so I do all your numbers, particularly your late ones. They have been strongly on the side of phenomenal Spiritualism, and this late number particularly so. We all must remember that the phenomena are the only distinguishing feature of our light or truth, which means the sensuous proof that man's existence survives physical death, all else is common property with other religious beliefs. Eliminate the phenomena and Modern Spiritualism has no *raison d'être*, and yet there are Spiritualists, at least in name, who do not seem to be aware of that positive indisputable fact.

Of course I am aware that the important thing is what the phenomena teach; the ethics, the philosophy and the influence on human life, are the essential points of Modern Spiritualism, but we must seek first, "the kingdom of heaven" in the sensuous proof, and then the essential points, the *ultima thule* will be added to us, and if they don't show themselves in our life, in our daily walk and conversation, it will be the measure of our unbelief in the sensuous phenomena. This may be a hit on those Spiritualists found among the raiders, but I mean it all the same; the raiding object being to stamp out materialization by their own confession, as being synonymous with fraud. I believe thoroughly in stamping out fraud; but it is good law and good sense to let possible frauds escape rather than to stamp out a truth.

Dean Clark, who is a Spiritualist in sympathy with the raiders in the paper above referred to, speaks of my being a well-meaning victim of misplaced confidence, etc. Well, I was a victim of misplaced confidence in him, but I am not now, and am not considered credulous by Spiritualists worthy of the name. In the articles which Clark says I have flooded THE BETTER WAY and the Golden Gate, I have said again and again that I do not take kindly to the phase of materialization or its conditions, and, for my experience, I might have been blind to the frauds of at least some of them. When the editor of the "File-Us-Off" once said in the presence of one of my friends, "Oh, Wetherbee, he would believe anything," this friend said to this editor, "you do not know Mr. Wetherbee, and are mistaken," and it silenced him.

I am a believer in the phase because I am a believer in my senses, and have had positive proof of the fact, and in the light and under test conditions also; and you have stated in your editorial comments, on the fair, rational letter of S. T. S. in the paper referred to, some of your experience in the phase which is most interesting, and from my own experience I believe to be true to the letter, and ought to such loose writers as Mr. Colcher, and such as he represents, make them hide their diminished heads.

Now, speaking of the article which was printed in the Golden Gate headed, "A word from the raiders," I will say as I was referred to in that article, that I have replied to it at length, and it is nearly time for it to appear in that paper, so it is not necessary for me to spin this letter out by going into that. I got many letters from distant people who were surprised that so loose and untruthful a letter was printed by Mr. Owen; so I would have been obliged to have noticed it if I had not already done so. Some of the letters I have sent to that editor, and he may reply to your remarks, and perhaps do so in the publication of my article. Mr. Owen must have had good reason for printing that letter, by having discovered some frauds which have weakened his faith in commercial mediumship, and I think there is some reason for it; and I with all my credulity (?) take commercial mediumship *cum grano salis*, but let me say right here in the face and eyes of Dean Clark and his friends, the raiders, that Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Cowan, and the Berry Sisters may be frauds, but they have not been proved so by the raiders any more than Mrs. Wells has in New York, notwithstanding what the "File-Us-Off" editor says and don't do. But I have proved positively the first named four to be genuine mediums; and this is in their favor: Six or eight able-bodied raiders have never been able to grab a spirit that stayed grabbed; while if they had grabbed you or me they would have retained us. While the raiders, through this Colcher, (who may, for ought I know, be a fiction), say that the above are "the lowest type, etc.," I know they will average as well as the raiders will in respectability, and as much above some of the "bad eggs" of the raiding party as, using Colcher's language, "Virtue is from vice."

I would like to say something about the written endorsement of the Rev. M. J. Savage, Professor James and others of equal note, excepting John C. Bundy, which will give another color to the endorsement, but I will make a short article on that by itself at some other time, and soon.
JOHN WETHERBEE.

Materialization—Boston Committee of Safety.

BY JOHN B. WOLFE.

"What we seek to do is to crush out materializing mediums." This tells the whole story. The animus is born of the assumption that there is and can be no "materialization," and therefore all mediums are frauds who claim that "materializations" are possible. What this committee did or did not expose I don't know, only as I read both sides in the papers. But, judging from the animus, the assumptions, and the methods, they are about as well qualified for their work as the Seybert Commission.

Spiritualism has no use for these self-constituted guardians. We had a Committee of Safety in this city, and it endorsed one of the veriest frauds of the age. Another in New York City, and it endorsed a medium who was guilty of the most palpable frauds. Then we had an outside Committee of Raiders, which assured all mediums frauds (about as sensible as the Boston raiders), and after the mountains labored, a little mouse was born. It exposed a medium, whom I had exposed a year before in a daily paper.

The barking of these guardians is of itself suspicious—Bundy, Savage and a Harvard Professor. Pray what do these men know more than any other men, that they should set themselves up as raiders, guardians, protectors, etc., to crush out anybody or any form of mediumship?

Many years of careful study has taught me:

1. That mediumship is not a matter of morality any more than music.
2. That the highest truths and most important facts come through persons of ordinary mentality and doubtful morality. The first direct proof I ever had of supermundane intelligence came through a person tabooed by society. Jewels are sometimes found with rough coating.
3. That mediums are often compelled to reflect the average conditions of their surroundings.

The man who pretends to knowledge he does not have, or to do that which he can not, is as much a fraud as any of the raided mediums, if guilty. What makes Rev. Savage any better than any other man? By wearing the prefix he claims deference for the "cloth" instead of the man. By the prefix the world understands that he claims special knowledge of the Infinite, and authority to represent Him, which is a fraudulent pretense, and he is hardly a fit judge or guardian for others.

It is somewhat a singular fact that instead of "crushing out," raids and prosecutions are often followed by extraordinary facts through the same or other mediums.

There are respectful as well as disreputable frauds. Frauds in law, medicine, theology and business. I meet them daily. They are well-dressed, and move in the best circles, some of them. They attend churches, say prayers, pay the preacher, attempt to deceive and bribe Conscience (God), and rob the poor, the widow and the orphan, and still thank God that they are not as other men.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Let these raiders look into their own hearts and lives and see if there is an absolutely clean record there. If they are sinless, then let them get cart loads of boulders and whack away at the sinners. Till then they had better dry up. Now as to the main point. There is, outside of Spiritualism and ordinary mediumship, abundant proof that spirits can make themselves visible and audible. The cases are so numerous that the man who denies writes himself an ignoramus. A case occurred in my house, prior to any knowledge of mediumship, which admits of no doubt. If once, then why not many times? If at all, there is a law and science. Then why not repeat without limit? What a sweet time these raiders will have in "crushing out" all materializing mediums, from the woman of Endor down to the present time. They do but beat the air, and strike their own wind-bags.

I don't know these raiders—don't want to know them. There is too much of "holier than thou," harpy about them to suit me. A little more modesty and knowledge would make them appear better in the eyes of sensible people.—[Golden Gate.]

Would Have to Explain First.

A maiden of some ten years, living on Franklin street, helped herself to the last orange on the plate at lunch, recently. "Why, my dear, that is selfish," remarked her mother, "you should have waited to see if mama didn't want it." "Well that would be letting you be selfish, wouldn't it," was the answer, "and you see you're older than I am, and will die first, and would have to explain in heaven why you were selfish, but I'll have lots of time to grow generous.—[Buffalo Courier.]

Written for the Better Way.
"The Way, the Truth and the Life,"

Through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. Bozsa, Grand
Rapid, Mich.

What then doth more concern us
Than the laws of life, to day?
And what would Trismegistus,
The wise Egyptian, say?
We know his ancient lightness
Is just now quite out of reach;
Hence 'tis done by proxy
That he can mortal teach.

Beware of condescending titles,
Lest you fall upon a snare
And vainly be content—
Your weakness laid bare—
Be made to do the bidding
Of the evil power of mind,
Yet deem yourself the wisest
Of all the human kind.

God's instruments are many,
And the little child bath speech
Which may confound the wisdom
Of him who boasts to teach.
Out from the mouths of sucklings,
It is written, we may hear
A wiser, truer gospel
Than that of sage or seer.

All things do have their uses,
From the monad to the man,
And, barring their abuses,
The river Styx may span
With million billion bridges
O'er which angels come and go,
And thus create a heaven
While here in form below.

Then speak not of neighbor
Lest you hurt your inner self;
And be your highest labor
To master love of self.
So shall each falling member
Through its pain be well annealed—
Your will, conjoined to heaven,
In soul life stand revealed.

Thus pass through grades of matter—
Hold or cast it off at will—
This is to be the wisdom
The ages shall fulfill,
The wisdom of the Buddha,
This the wisdom Moses sought
From lore of the Egyptians,
The truth that Jesus taught;

In him alone fulfilling,
While the ages ran their course;
For he was resurrected:
Knew he the fountain source
Of that pure will of being
Which forever stands revealed,
And in each nerve renewing
Immortal fruit shall yield.

Then must the power of spirit
Overflow the troubled soul;
The forces of demerit
Submit to its control;
The life of life within you
Be but one perpetual joy—
The crucible of nature
Be cleansed of its alloy.

For know this truth in Adam
Has been hidden o'er and o'er,
That illness of members
(Which oft times vex us sore)
May be expelled by spirit
Until death is overcome—
The struggle here with matter
To God's will shall succumb.

Since all have died in Adam,
So all shall live again;
While knowledge of the perfect
Will come to erring men:
And spirit, clothed in matter,
Be refined, perfected, pure,
Will yet attain a body
Forever to endure.

Has not the master told us
That the way of life is plain—
The fool and the wayfarer
May surely find the same?
Then why be blind to forces
That must dissipate our life?
Be, every hour, determined
Rise, richer, in thy strife.

Turn not unto physicians;
They but weave for you a snare—
They do their work for money.
Their poisons, they declare,
Have greater power than spirit
To restore us from our pain;
Yet death, with many harvests,
Both whiten o'er the plain.

The sum of all the lessons
We shall find to be but this:
The master o'er has taught us,
Not once the way to miss:
Slay not the life within you
For the spirit suffers loss—
And its harvest rich shall bring us
All sacrificial cost.

And Hermes Trismegistus
Many centuries before
Recovered the same mystery
From Egypt's sacred lore.

Shakespeare and Bacon.

No author probably ever set greater store than Bacon upon the produce of his brain or was at more pains to see that it was neither mangled nor misrepresented by careless printing or editing. Neither is there the slightest reason to believe that he did not take care—nay, on the contrary, that he was not of especial pains to insure—that the world would be informed of everything he had written which he had deemed worthy to be preserved. Two years before Bacon made his will, the first or 1623 folio of Shakespeare's plays was published, with the following title page: "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount. 1623." It was a portly volume of nearly one thousand pages, and must have taken many months, probably the best part of a year, to set up in types and get printed off. The printing of similar folios in those days was marked by anything but exemplary accuracy. But this volume abounds to such excess in typographical flaws of every kind that the only conclusion in regard to it which can be drawn is that the printing was not superintended by anyone competent to discharge the duty of the printing house "reader" of the present day, but was suffered to appear with "all the imperfections on its head" which distinguish "proof sheets" as they issue from the hands of careless or illiterate compositors. Most clearly the proof sheets had never been read by any man capable of rectifying a blundered text. In this respect the book offers a marked contrast to the text of Bacon's works, printed in his own time, which were revised and re-revised until they were brought up to a finished perfection.

Written for the Better Way.
Mind.

BY PROF. C. W. PETERS.

Mind is said to be incomprehensible. Webster says, it is the intellectual or rational faculties in man; the understanding; the power that conceives, judges or reasons; the entire spiritual nature; the soul. That the intellect, the understanding, the soul is mind.—Upon this definition philosophers have built volumes of mental science, scanned human action and rummaged cause and effect to find the human mind, and the world's theological armies have preached, and are still preaching the souls of its generations to hell or heaven and frightened thousands into an alliance with church organizations, under the pretext that they are God's only soul-saving ambassadors, when the most learned of all that deific flock have failed to tell mankind what the mind, the soul of man is. For these reasons this subject has been selected for analysis, and we invite the companionship of reason through this explored field of thought in search of mind. We have the fact, that physical beings are atoms combined. As the discovery of one truth leads to the unfoldment of another we are led to inquire, is ethereal matter an entirety?

No, it is not. It is a mass of indivisible particles. Atmospheric air is ethereal matter. It is said to be "a gaseous envelope of celestial bodies or the earth." That envelope is about forty miles thick. What is between them, it is all a void, nothingness? Is the universe a measureless limitless void save here and there a mote called a planet or a star? Of that gaseous envelope each person takes twenty remnants of twenty cubic inches each, or one and one-third fifth per minute to fill their lungs. If it was entire, admitting of no division, would not each respiration take the whole or none at all? It has, at different altitudes, been bottled, analyzed and found composed of like elements, every unit united in given proportions. Plants breathe it. Genius catches, confines, measures, weighs and utilizes it to the needs of man. Is the tree of the earth wherein it is born and perfected? Van Helmot planted a five pound willow in two hundred pounds of dried earth, in which he nursed it five years and then removed and weighed it. It then weighed one hundred and sixty nine and one-fourth pounds. The earth, dried as before, lost two ounces, which doubtless adhered to the willows feet.

Magnetism is generated and dispensed in limited quantities, and there exists matter still more ethereal called electricity. In the deep bosom of nature it exists unheard, unfelt, unseen. It is the ignis fatuus frolicking in the noxious breath of the morass, the aurora borealis dancing in the polar zenith, and the electric flash shooting through the black bosom of nimbus in the pathway of the storm.

Genius catches and makes it subservient to the mastery of mind. Uncontrolled, it is an incendiary marching arm in arm with the reckless storm, committing assaults, arson and murders. Controlled, it flies over earth's magnetic paths a messenger of commerce, friendship and love, and tale-bearer of the world. It propels, illumines, burns, heals, kills and dissolves substances.

Science, in her strides, has torn the material and ethereal lap of nature full of holes and peddled its remnants in the selfish streets of commerce, while reason, half enthroned, asks is ethereal matter an entity? And, in each breath, receives the demonstrated answer, no. Thus it will be seen all nature is an endless sea of visible and invisible, tangible and intangible atomic matter.

Color, form, life and intelligence are inherent in matter and inherent in the atom. Chemical elements are known by their color, and may be determined by the form of their crystal.

Intelligence is not confined to the man-animal; it exists in all life. Of domestic animals, the dog seems most intelligent. Those who have studied the conduct of the dogs know, even from limited observation, they are intelligent; that they express joy, anger, affection, reflection, memory, comparison and judgement, and are not devoid of reason. Indignities he resents, and rewards kindness with obedience and affection. He knows his home, his master and every member of the household, understands their language and under proper tutorage, makes wonderful progress in education.

So too, the horse knows his associates, his master and his groom, and understands the language used in their employment. He too exhibits anger, joy, sorrow, affection, memory and judgement. Having been injured or severely frightened by an object at a given locality, manifests uneasiness and fear on returning to it, and in innumerable ways exhibits unmistakable knowledge of which his experience extends. It is needless to fetch from the fields of domestic employment and training experiences to illustrate the intelligence of domestic animals.

The parrot sings the nurses songs and articulates words and sentences, and therein exhibits memory, comparison,

and judgment. It also possesses fear, anger, pleasure and affection. From the Scientific American I clip the following to further illustrate bird intelligence: "A screech owl took possession of a box at Lancaster, Pa., in which a pair of martins were building their nest, and when they returned would not let them enter. The birds soon flew away and returned with a whole army of companions, each bringing in his beak a piece of mud, with which they hermetically sealed the entrance of the box. When the box was opened a few days later, the owl was found to be dead."

The lowest vertebrates are intelligent. On the approach of the spawning season the male stickleback makes a nest for its female companion, conducts her to it, fights all fish that trespass upon their quietude, and guards her with apparent devotion. So too, the male salmon guards the spawning salmon against invasion from their species. By what means other than that which moves man to action, they apprehend danger, fight battles, determine the approach of the spawning season, make nests, conduct their mate to it, and guard the spawning female we are unable to understand.

Insects teem with intelligence. Pillson, in his prison home, had two he petted and fed that repaired to their meals at the sound of an instrumental chord. The tarantula constructs his home impervious to rain, closes with a door hung with an ingeniously constructed hinge and fastens it with a lock burglarious insects can neither pick nor break.

The ant to whom the sluggard is referred for industrial examples, exhibits in its life marked intelligence. Hatched from an egg, the larva creeps forth, nursed by the colony, weaves and entombs itself in a silken cocoon, where it remains for a brief period, there bursts its cerements and walks forth amid the greetings of its colony and engages in the duties and strifes of their industrial life.

Thus colonization, settlement, agricultural enterprises, division of labor, guarding male and mother ant, exposing their eggs to the sun's gentler rays, shielding them from intense heat, storms, and dews, nursing and feeding their larva and breaking its silken home at the period of their maturity are deeds through which we behold an intelligence that impels and governs them. So too, the industry, labor and government of a colony of bees reflect this wondrous wisdom. They too, like the industrious ant dwell in colonies under the imperial government of a queen. For the worker, drone, and queen they construct separate cells in which they lay their eggs. The workers are hexagonal and horizontally suspended; the drones are irregular and vertical; the queens cylindrical.

The queen, before depositing her eggs, inspects the cells and lays them in the order mentioned. The workers gather pollen and mix it with honey which the nurses partially digest and parcel to the larvae in rations corresponding to their needs, then seal their cells, and the imprisoned larva weaves its cocoon, which crystallizes and the larva emerges from its imprisonment a field hand of the colony. If two queens are born to the colony they fight, like monarch for the crown, and the colony will not permit any interference in their combat, but becomes the willing subject of the victor. The regal rivals are forced to fight their battles alone. Thus the peace and prosperity of the colony is preserved. If nations would make that one of their rules of political economy, continued peace and prosperity would follow its adoption.

Bees divine their labors. The smallest of the colony illy fitted to bear burdens, make comb, construct cells, feed the larvae, nurse the young and police the hive, while the stronger ones provide material for the cells, food for the helpless larvae, and with honey store their dwelling. All bees are not industrious. There are vagrants in the colony who refuse to work, and the workers destroy. Bee-life is an expression of industry, fear, anger, affection and intelligence. People and races exist through generation with no more apparent progress in their labor, education and systems than that developed in inferior intelligences.

Mexico, lying within the arms of American civilization, still cultivates her fertile fields with a wooden plow and hoes her corn with a pruning hook. And the aboriginal tribes begin and end their mortal career with no more apparent progress than is expressed in insect and animal life.

The physical body expresses intelligence. It talks to its spirit through the tongueless forces of its being. This proposition brings us in close comparison with the highest and lowest expression of human life, and it will be difficult therefore, to remove ourselves from the overshadowing presence of the former, and sit untrammelled in the analysis of the latter. The physical body is the spirit's subject being—its mortal counterpart. It has no independent organic self existing being that combines its atomic souls and perfects its statue. We know it is a tangible substance. Science is daily engaged in its analysis in search of poisonous drugs to aid or defeat judicial murder. It may be dissolved, volatilized and in a gaseous state returned to ethereal nature. The chemical elements are locked with it, seventeen of which exist in such quantities they have there been found by the searching eye of science.

Mind is active and passive. The physical being acts on and in turn is acted upon by its spirit. It is in daily mental commerce with its spirit. When it hungers it demands of it food. If thirsty, it calls for drink; if tired, for rest; and to shield it from cold it asks for raiment. If these were the needs of the spirit

death would not, could not rob it of its noon day meals, potatoes nor wardrobe. So too its every grovelling desire that would destroy virtue, happiness, integrity, temperance, self-respect and love, beggars and takes every noble impulse and bankrupt humanity are each generated and expressed, and a satisfaction demanded by them of its spirit companion, to which the spirit too often intemperately responds. Though its of-fending passions are of and belong to material nature, the spirit, in its temporal relations, takes upon itself, to a greater or less extent, the appetites, desires and nature of its physical companion which intensify its mortal ills. Thus it will be seen an intelligence having like attributes and powers resides in all organic nature. Conception is the recognized event of the spirit's material individualization. At natal-birth it falls into the sunlight of a peopled planet, a healthful and perfect mould, exhibiting no intelligence, no mental vigor.

Even its tearless cry is without apparent cause. But yesterday it was a spark of inorganic nature, purged of inorganic grossness. Now it lies upon its material pillow a speechless atom clothed in the grossest fabric of nature. Let us not lose sight of this unwritten problem. Day by day it is cradled in the maternal lap, a parental toy, dandled to sleep. In its pupils dance the first emotions of its soul. Now it smiles, laughs, weeps and jesticulates with; from place to place creeps, like a polar bear; stands alone; articulates monosyllables, walks, rolls broken sentences over its untutored tongue and runs through its adolescent years and leaps on to manhood measuring and weighing planets and systems, describes their orbits, analyses the earth and its geologic leaves, finds the origin of its species, its decomposition, chemical element, and turning runs back through his mysterious path to fetal life and finds himself a spark of infinite mind shot forth from light to darkness and darkness to light, like a meteor, leaving his trail ablaze with his intelligence and growth. Such is man. In the physical body resides the organic intelligence that propels and governs it. We know it is an individual entity, for it is unlike other entities of its species.

We know that the intelligence that pervades all nature admits of division for we find it in broken fragments locked up in the lowest, smallest and largest types of life, and manifesting through different bodies distinctly. That intelligence is atomic is demonstrated in its gradual growth. We have beheld the apparent non-intelligence of babyhood, extend as intelligence with intelligence is added, or its soul combined grows and extends in wisdom perfect and dispenses its wisdom and intelligence in fragments to others which leads us to conclude that intelligence or soul-matter is also atomic. That mortal man is a living, moving, reasoning, indestructible atomic entity of pure spirit anchored to material nature. That he is embodied, individualized, mind. And as the physical body grows and perfects by its atomic exchanges, through its inherent law, in the attainment of its statural and soul perfection.

The atomic souls thus combined muster under different degrees of attraction or energy, unite in definite proportions, and are laborers, mechanics, merchants, cooks, sailors, housewives, nurses, milliners, seamstresses, bankers, warriors, statesmen, orators and philosophers united in common employment.

Like the planet, the monadic soul is peopled with every lineage, every tongue. Homogeneous and heterogeneous souls reside alike upon its being and through it expresses their emotions and desires. In its growth and perfection the grosser ones give place to the unrectified, and the rectified to the pure until all the combining souls are like the primal or combining one. The living entities combined in the souls perfectionment are mind—active intelligence. The spirit, like the physical body, is one of nature's exhaustless banks receiving and remitting its atomic kindred.

Thus new thoughts, new ideas are in constant engraftment in individualized souls, supplanting and eliminating other thoughts and ideas and mind is on endless exchange. Since therefore we find all matter is atomic, and that physical and soul beings are combined of matter it follows mind is matter.

What shall be said of the capabilities of mind, its faculties, so-called, memory, reflection, reason, will and judgment? A knowledge of them would destroy all the metaphysics of the age. They are mental expressions—the action of mind on mind. Every thought leaves its trace upon the being, returning responsive to the spirit's call. Such is memory. The application of these truths makes each one a sower and reaper of thought, of mind, and too plainly tells us: "as ye sow ye shall reap!"

Under these rules of nature parents become a part of their foster babies, and babes a part of their parents. Character is the legacy of life; it is transmitted from parent to child, from nurse to ward, schoolmate to schoolmate, from companion to companion, from associate to associate. By aspirations thoughts are culled like garnered corn from nature's endless field and each made what they are. Asleep or awake, in silence or in speech, at work or play, we give the universe our thoughts and take from her throbbing mass of souls such thoughts in return as the aspiration seeks.

Hence take heed, guard every thought and deed, for nature gives to each what each doth need.

St. Louis, Mo.

A Short Fable.

A rich man has a piece of land on which a poor mule is grazing. "I shall harness you," said the man to the mule, and make you plow this land to grow melons on, of which I am very fond, while the stalks will supply you with food." To which the mule replied: "If I consent to toil on your terms you will have all the melons and I shall be worse off than I am now, inasmuch as I shall have to eat dry stalks instead of the fresh green grass." "I'll not do it, sir." How unreasonable you are, remonstrated the land owner; "your father never had any food but thistles, and yet worked sixteen hours a day without grumbling." Alas! that is true, but, you know, my father was an ass. [Independent Citizen.]

Written for the Better Way.
Organize.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Brother Kiddle and I are not far apart in our views of organization among Spiritualists, as appears by his recent article on the subject; but he has misunderstood me on the subject if he supposed me ever opposed to local organization. I have only been opposed to any general organization that should make us simply a tail to the Catholic or Protestant kite, and then sectarianize us with the little fraction of the human race called Christian, when ours is a great discovery by which we find all other nations, races and religions as much represented and defended in spirit life as is Christianity and other gods as much kings and rulers there as here. We also find our great and distinguished citizens who were not Christians here are no more so after death than before; and I do not want to exclude such or the believers in any other religion, from our grand work of opening general and universal intercourse between the two states of human existence. I never was a Christian, and am not likely to be in this life or the next, but I do know positively and unequivocally that there is an opened intercourse between the spirit world and this, and I have had hundreds of messages perfectly reliable, as coming from reliable persons I know in this life, and not one has asked me to become a Christian or to have Christianity incorporated into Spiritualism. That there are good, honest and upright people in the Christian sects, I do not deny, but they are no better than equally good, moral and upright infidels or Mahomedans, or heathen, neither in this life or the next so far as I can learn from there. Thomas Paine, Ethan Allen, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and scores of other free thinkers have not become Christians yet, and are not more likely to than here.

I am and ever have been ready for organization on the basis of facts which we know to be true, and which our enemies deny, such as opened intercourse between the worlds, which is now as much a fact as telegraphing between the continents of Europe and America, and yet our organized Christian sects deny it and oppose it. Many of our advocates of Spiritualism want us to recognize their system of absurdities, and make another sect of Christian Spiritualists adopting, as nearly every new sect has, one or two points in advance of the older sects. The tail of the old kite is quite long enough. I do not want to be hitched on to it. Let us sail our own ship.

CODDEN, ILL., July 28.

Brooklyn Letter.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Feeling like penning a few jottings of the cause we so dearly love here in Brooklyn, I will yield to the inspiration of the moment; first by stating that last Wednesday evening, July 11, a Benefit Seance for spiritual manifestations was given in Conservatory Hall by the well-known Keeler brothers, P. L. O. A. and W. M.

After a fair audience had gathered, a few well-timed remarks were uttered by our esteemed friend and brother Daniel Coons, who acted as manager for the occasion on the mortal side, calling attention to a simply constructed cabinet placed upon the platform in full view, being two ordinary screens tied together in the rear, then widened in front, and a curtain stretched across to the height of the sitters in front. Before the curtain was drawn, a small table upon which some musical instruments could be plainly seen. Dr. Wm. M. Keeler then selected two from the audience, a lady and gentleman, to sit with him to form, as he said, a battery for spirit forces in front of the curtain, and were requested to join hands, he placing his two hands upon the arm of the lady sitting next to him and wishing her to testify if his hands were removed at any time during the sitting. Another curtain was drawn across and fastened upon the rear curtain by hooks and eyes, covering the persons of sitters to their shoulders. The table inside of cabinet was plainly out of reach of sitters.

Soon rappings were heard, together with the rattling of tambourine, bells and thrummings of the guitar. The bells and tambourine were thrown out; then the guitar was handled and roughly thrust between the chairs of the sitters and placed alternately on their laps, thrumming on the strings, the sitters testifying to an unbroken clasp of hands. Blank pads were handed in with pencils, a hand being seen to take them. Soon writing was heard on the table, then the leaves were torn off and handed or thrown out, upon which were written messages addressed, pencilling of faces sketched, some quite artistically. After the pads were thrown out, a hand with pencil in fingers was seen protruding through the curtains, when several from the audience having been provided with a large pad, held it on a level with the mysterious hand, which wrote for each some message. All was in the light and open to fair vision, and the manifestations by the unseen forces were very suggestive, pronounced, and individualized, causing a deep interest and much speculative wonder. After the curtains were removed the hands of the sitters were seen in the same position as at first, they stating that which had been done could not have been done by mortal agency.

Then Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, so well-known in Washington as an Inde-

pendent Slate-Writer, took the platform and made an address, explaining how this wonderful gift was developed from spirit forces, and upon lifting a number of slates which were upon the table in front, called for a committee of gentlemen to examine and thoroughly cleanse them. Then taking two slates they were bound together by a handkerchief, and the same was done by two others. Having placed a small bit of pencil inside each two gentlemen, assisted to hold them in full view of the audience. After a short interval he released his grasp; the slates were untied and upon one legible writing was seen, and four distinctly individualized messages were read, all in different hand-writing and were joyfully recognized, thus making a triumphant success.

By these wonderful phases of spirit power in their demonstrations as exhibited, the unseen friends voiced their loving presence and untiring sympathies, thus carrying comfort and consolation to many an inquiring mind.

Dr. Wm. Keeler is doing for the cause a lasting benefit by his wonderful gifts as a medium for spirit photography and Independent slate-writing. Dark circles are simply astounding by their varied phenomena, beyond all cavil or collusion, amply satisfying to all who regularly attend them.

Lights in the shape of stars are seen floating around or dissolving forms seen illuminated, voices heard, musical instruments performed, such as guitar, ar, tambourine, bones and drum, all keeping perfect time, played skillfully to whistling or singing by the sitters who sit around a table with an unbroken clasp of hands; the doors locked and perfect satisfaction given against any aid by mortal agency. And last, but not least, messages are written upon blank pads upon the heads of the sitters by the invisibles who manifest their presence by touches and slappings.

These love tokens are found scattered upon floor and table, addressed generally to each siter, causing a memorable and joyful occasion. The Dr. and wife will soon take their departure for Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting, and there is more than one who will miss their genial presence and soul-cheering companionship. Walter Howell, who was en route for Cassadaga, having just returned from England, favored us with his loving ministrations last Sunday, and many were delighted and edified.

Fraternally,

SAMUEL D. GREENE.

Mesmerists, Electro-Biologists alias "Hypnotists," Beware!

"Hypnotism is all very well at the Salpetriere (Parisian madhouse) and similar places, when practiced by Dr. Charcot and his assistants, but it is likely to lead to rather unpleasant results when adopted in private families as a means of post prandial recreation. Here, for instance, is a case in point. A well-connected and modest young man, who lives with his mother in a fashionable part of Paris, recently attended what is called a *soiree d'hypnotisme*, at a friend's house. He was sent to sleep, and a stuffed mannikin was placed by his side, which he was told was a man whom he must murder. The youth did as he was told, and when a knife was put into his hand he ripped the dummy figure open with the fiendish exultation of a man wreaking a long-cherished vengeance on an enemy. After that he awoke, but ever since he has been laboring under the delusion that he had murdered his mother. He ran away from his home, and sat weeping on a bench in the Champ-Elysees, when two policemen, whose curiosity had been excited, came up to him. On seeing the dreadful agents of the law the poor fellow took to his heels, and was, of course, pursued and arrested. It was only when he was brought face to face with his mother that he regained his senses."—London Daily Telegraph, April 28, 1888.

In No. 12 of this journal, the editor published a most wonderful and striking case (under the title of a "A New Revelation in Hypnotism," etc.) in which her own thoroughly well-attested experience of the awful powers, dangers, and marvellous results of "hypnotic," or rather magnetic, influences were fully detailed.

Instead of awakening—as was intended—the wise, thoughtful, and philosophic to study out the lessons which this narrative so unmistakably conveyed, the reiterated remark of those readers from whom better things might be expected was—"Oh, we don't care about these American experiences; we would rather have the reports of our English trance-speakers than all the marvels of a country so far away," etc.

Without concerning ourselves with the opinions of those who would rather read any silly platitudes which originated in their own nationality than the stupendous lessons afforded by the experiences life in other lands, we earnestly call the attention of true philosophers and capable thinkers to the terrible lesson conveyed in the above quoted paragraph from the Daily Telegraph, although it does not come from a French source. Dr. Newton, of America; Prince Hohenlohe, of Germany; Valentine Greatorex, of Ireland; good Mr. Younger, of London; Mrs. Goldsborough, of Leeds; and hosts of other excellent, self-sacrificing, and patient toilers in the field of occult healing have used, and are still using, this wondrous and subtle power of magnetism to cure diseases that no medicaments could touch. But because such a power can be used, is it any reason why it should be abused for the purpose of inducing helpless creatures under its influence to commit crime?

Who does not know that the knife wherewith we cut the useful domestic loaf can also be employed to cut out life from the vital centres of the human body? Who is ignorant of the fact that the wheat which we grind into bread to sustain the living organism can be distilled into alcohol to poison it? So with this tremendous occult power of magnetism; and the lesson that should be derived from every narrative, experiments conducted with this power, and that—even if they are not amongst exclusive and strictly private circles, Great Britain—whether reported of France, America, India, or any other count should be determinately to protest against the employment of magnetism for other than simply curative purposes. Exercised by a healthful body and a p minded operator, magnetism is the and may, and will, restore health strength where all other means fail. Employed for idle experiment, or the purpose of converting a sane being into a cile, a criminal, or the automatic slave another's will, it is a crime, which should be put down by the power and protection of the law.—[Two Worlds



My Little Ho-Peep.

My little Ho-Peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying,
I gently rock, and the old hall clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a sleeping,
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding,
I press my lips to the finger tips,
That my hands are so tightly holding.

"Tick, tick, tick, you may wait, old clock;
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds start, your minutes play,
And your days go all a-Maying.
O, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair my life looks fair,
But to-morrow—I may be weeping.

Thoughts for Boys.

Beware of walking on the edge of a precipice. You may escape falling, but the wiser plan is not to attempt it. Beware of walking too near the fire. You may escape the flames, but the better way is not to run the peril of contact. Beware of navigating too near the rocks. You may carry your vessel through unscathed, but better not run the risk of making shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience. Beware of worldly associates; those whose principles and fellowship are apt to act as drag on the wheels of the spiritual life, and to retard the soul's advancement Godward and heavenward.—Macduff.

Jeff and Purity.

Purity (named so because she was very white), had worked hard to help Jeff build a nest up under the roof, where a board nailed across a corner kept it snug and safe, and then settled down to rest in as hard a way by keeping warm a pair of little eggs that were the pride of her life; but before the hatching a sad thing took place; how, we never knew, but one morning we found poor Purity limp and lifeless, with her head held in a narrow crack between two laths, while Jeff stood beside her, cooing and cooing; then, darting off for a dainty morsel, he gently placed his bill to hers and seemed to beg her to take it.

Over and over again he tried and failed, then went back to his nest and motherless eggs, crouching near, sad and hopeless. Suddenly he appeared to remember his duty to his offspring, straightened up, smoothed his feathers, and flew to the water trough, which was the Dove's Broadway, and bene dicted, maids and matrons sipped and dipped, turned their pretty necks in the sunshine, and softly gossiped to each other.

One after another he asked to finish what Purity had begun, but they refused, and the case was getting desperate. On his return to the nest, finding a "flighty young thing" peeping at him, he drove her in and commanded her to stay there, which she did not do without protest, but finally gave up and Jeff was up, just as happy, I suppose, as though Purity's helpless body was not hanging before his eyes, and when the little ones squirmed out of their shells, their great mouths gaped just as wide and just as often for the breakfast the stepmother brought as though there were no memories hanging about the home of one who had gone, and I couldn't say that Jeff ever gave her a thought afterward.—[The Carrier Dove.

Industry Exhibited by Ants.

Last Sunday, while reading a paper in the shade of a tree, on the top of Undercliff, my attention was attracted to an ant conveying what I afterward found to be a mallein blossom about three times as large as itself, through the tangled blades of grass, dead stalks, and rotten coverings of stuff on the ground. To a man it would be almost an impenetrable thicket. Spread out over the miniature landscape in what might be miles apart perhaps to them, others were engaged in the same laborious duties. Two or three had what appeared to be their young. With its antler, shaped like ice tongs, it would take hold of the blossom and pull backward. Then perhaps an inch from the ground it would slip down into the jaw of these upright dead stalks, crossed like a funnel. Then it would tug, haul, pull and lift for five minutes or more, exhibiting a degree of patience and perseverance, an example my stronger nature could scarcely control, as I exhibited somewhat an impatience to await the result, and yet we claim to be superior. Off it would scamper a bit as if collecting thoughts how to do; coming back it would back up the dead stem and finally roll it out on the ground.

I watched for sometime before I discovered their destination. One carrying a light article proceeded up a beaten path near a clump of bushes, disappearing in a miniature cave.

The one I saw was a yard away. It did not seem to me that he had much judgment as to saving labor, though he would go ahead and reconnoiter every now and then, because instead of going up a clear path about a foot from the entrance, he took a roundabout way across a thicket of tangled wild grass.

At last he got it so fast that I thought of helping him. Now it would be curious to know his thoughts, when I loosened

the blossom, for he scampered off and would not return. He must have taken me for a monster. It was over an hour moving it two feet.

I placed this blossom near the entrance. Several came out and examined it. One finally came and hauled it in out of sight.

What did they do with the stuff? I presume it was food supplies. I took one fresh from the stalk, placing it near the entrance, I found they started at a little hole in the blossom and nipped off the edges, for the opening grew larger. They were dry blossoms, and may be for winter supplies.

It seems they had no Sunday law to quarrel over, as we have in our advanced (?) life, for they labored industriously, each apparently doing his own work without saying "you do this," "I do more work than you," "tell Charley to do it," "it's wicked to work on Sunday," "the police will be after you." But like nature, all was order, precision self-government in each, making their totality of government complete harmony, and peace to every appearance.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

Post and Rail People.

A friend of mine says there are two sorts of people in the world—"posts" and "rails," and a good many more rails than posts. The meaning of this is that most people depend on somebody else—a father, a sister, a husband, wife, or perhaps on a neighbor.

Whether it is right to divide the whole population of the earth quite so strictly, it is true that we all know a good many rail-like people. Blanche Evans tells me one of the Rail girls sits by her in school. Miss Rail never had a knife of her own, though she used a sort of pencil that continually needs sharpening; so Blanche's pretty penknife was borrowed until one day the Rail-girl snapped the blade. Blanche was so tired of lending the knife that she was not very sorry.

Miss Rail's brother works beside Henry Brown in the office of the Daily Hurricane. They both set type, and Henry's patience is sorely tried by Master Rail. If Henry tells him to-day whether the *l* is doubled in *model* when *ed* is added, he will have forgotten to-morrow; and Henry has to tell him whether the semicolon comes before or after *viz*, every time he "sets it up."

The truth is, the Rail-boy doesn't try to remember these things; he has taken Henry for a post, and expects to be held up by him.

I met two pretty young ladies traveling together last summer. One was always appealing to the other to know if they were to change cars at Osento, or not until they reached Dunstable, or if they should not change at all. She asked her companion the time, though her own watch was in order; she "couldn't bother to remember" names of routes and hotels and people, but she found it convenient for somebody to do all this for her, and she never concealed her surprise if her friend forgot or neglected anything.

Being a post is often unpleasant, but how much worse it is to be a rail! The post can stand by itself—but take it away and where is the rail? Boys and girls have this advantage over a wooden fence—if they fear that they are rails, they can set about turning themselves into posts at once, and they will find the post business a far more delightful one.—[Wide Awake.

Written for The Better Way.

God in the Constitution.

BY R. NEELY.

This movement originated with the covenants, a sect that came from the old country like the anarchists, prejudiced against all civil governments, but for other reasons. They would not vote or act as jurists or anything else that implied a recognition of the United States government because it sanctioned negro slavery and made no formal acknowledgement of God in the Federal constitution. I use the term negro slavery in contradistinction to female slavery because they are the most relentless enemies of woman's rights, taking all that Moses and Paul, and Peter etc. have said as the "inspired word of God and an unerring rule of faith and practice," forever excluding her from equal rights. Of course they were halfway pleased when slavery was abolished and the right to vote was conceded to the male negro, while the female of the same race was yet half free and half slave like their white sisters. But it was not this half rights business that displeased them, but because only half their wishes were granted and they are still reaching out for the other half—God in the constitution. They believe in God as a personal being sitting on a throne in heaven, ruling over the inhabitants of earth in love or hatred, as the case may be, sending the wicked to endless torment and the saints (the covenants) to eternal glory. That is the God they want in the constitution, and even that is not enough, but they want an acknowledgement of Jesus Christ as the ruler of the nations. They hold all the old theological ideas in regard to him, and seem as ignorant of the real spiritual nature of his messianic kingdom as his disciples were when they tried to take him by force to make him a king. If they had their ideal God in the constitution with their claim to be His divinely appointed servants to execute His will, and make the bible the supreme law of the land, with the power of the civil sword to enforce the laws of God as they understand them, there would be a time of persecution and interference with the rights of the people such as was never seen in the world before.

Our forefathers wisely provided against interference with religion by the state. No religious test is, or should be required as a qualification for citizenship, or office. Religion has to do with the unfolding of the soul, and its aspiration towards God, and the cultivation of the spiritual graces, and must wait on the natural order of growth and development in the inner life

of each individual, and to subject these sacred things to police regulations or the power of the civil magistrate, is a great mistake and has been the cause of untold destruction of human life and happiness.

Common sense and reason are sufficient to guide any community in its civil relations, and it is not necessary to put in the constitution that which is only a matter of belief without any positive knowledge. The agnostic who neither denies nor pretends to know the unknown, or comprehends infinity, if he has sense and reason enough to know what is right between man and man, is as well qualified for citizenship and has as much civil rights as the "true believer." The true and only way to put God in the constitution is to frame it according to justice and reciprocity, assigning to it civil affairs only. The government did well in freeing the slaves, and now the first and most important thing is woman's rights. This question takes precedence of all others and is so self evident and so plain that proof or argument is unnecessary. In fact there is no argument against it worthy of a reply. To the shame and everlasting disgrace of mankind be it said that she has to fight against the bible, the church, and if it were not for the divinity within she could never have withstood the degradation heaped upon her, and from which her offspring is also suffering. Stand off there and let her have will power over her own selfhood and womanhood and motherhood. Get out of her way and let her to the polls. Concede to her every right political, civil and religious that God and nature has given her, and let her take every position she is capable of filling, and the temperance question, and every other question which you are pressing into politics for your own aggrandizement will be settled very soon.

The next thing is the abolition of capital punishment, and the education of the criminal classes instead, and the still finer reforms which reaches to the means by which criminals are produced. This is a work that man unaided by the finer spiritual nature of woman can never accomplish. The present state of things has been produced and perpetuated by female degradation, and cannot be reformed without her emancipation. Let the jails and penitentiaries be turned into schools and let woman approach the criminal with her gentle motherly love nature instead of a Godlike and more likely to stir up the spark of divinity that lies dormant in the soul by reason of his condition and surroundings. Here again we are at war with the churches and the clergy. They read in the bible, "whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," and they say hang the murderer, whereas that only means what would be, and not what should be. Next comes the abolition of monopolies and the proper adjustment of labor and capital on moral principles. These things cannot be done in a day because progress is very slow, but we should all be doing what little we can by every means in our power to accomplish the grand result. When we have secured these reforms by civil enactments then we will have God in the constitution and can truthfully say: *vox populi, vox dei*—the voice of the people is the voice of God! CHICAGO, ILL., July 25th, 1888.

United States Savings Bank.

We are informed that a very strong financial institution is being organized in Topeka, Kansas, by Wm. C. Knox & Co., negotiators of real estate, mortgages and loan brokers, who have had for several years a flourishing savings department in connection with their loan business. This is nothing less than the United States Savings Bank, with a capital of \$500,000. It is the purpose of this bank, in addition to a savings bank business, to negotiate Western mortgages for similar institutions and private investors in the East. Wm. C. Knox & Co. have a capital of over \$100,000, but this is insufficient to handle their loan and savings business most profitably. They have a large and valuable list of loan and savings customers which will be turned over to the bank. This bank, in addition to its local business, expects to become a central point where the large number of Western mortgagors can make deposits drawing a fair rate of interest, to offset the interest on their mortgages, and to pay them when due. We are confident that this plan is altogether feasible, and predict for the new bank a very prosperous career. We understand that considerable stock will be placed in the Eastern States among the customers and friends of Wm. C. Knox & Co.—[American Banker.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit-circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let the arrangement be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.
2. Let the circle consist of four, five or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands upon the top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, it sometimes, but not always, breaks the manifestations.
3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them has a weakening influence.
5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous character. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to come near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the heads. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.
7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let only one person speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," two means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask if the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly,

will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed and, from this time, an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened.

Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come, asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put, to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate and genial nature, and very sensitive to magnetic influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are harmoniously bound together, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles with no strangers present are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

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The book contains 650 large sized pages; is elegantly bound in fine English cloth, has colored boards and gilt tops. For sale at the office of THE BETTER WAY, Price, \$2.50. Eona sends her Legacy forth on its mission of love; as a light to cheer many hearts. There are indicated many who will read understandingly the volume she thus places in their hands, many whose lifelines even cross and intersect those of Eon and Eona. Far far back into the ages they run, now here now there, mingling and intermingling their lives with ours.

These hearts, finely tuned, send forth in response to the harmonious tones. Deep within the inner being comes a response which tells it story only to the soul who reads and can understand.

May the volume go forth on its mission of Light and love, until all paths are lighted by the rays that shine from the centre of Light Divine, and many earth hearts receive the benediction of the higher spheres, waking longings for truth, which is eternal, is the prayer of EONA.

TESTIMONIALS:

Mr. Eglington, the English medium, writes:

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"It is the best gift ever given to the world."

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Mr. Sadie A. Carter writes:

"I am a member of the Congregational Church in good standing. I have spirit Eona's Legacy to the world. It is the grandest book ever written. Nothing earthly could induce me to part with it. It is filled with the choicest gems and more of them, than all the literature I have ever read. No person with intelligence can read the refined and exalted ideas and truths set forth in that matchless production, without longing for your experience, and feeling that every sentence is truth itself."

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WHOLE WORLD

SOUL COMMUNION

AUGUST 27, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S SOUL COMMUNION TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through THE WOMAN'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of humanitarians throughout the world, regardless of race and religious faith—the object being to invoke through co-operation in thought and unity in spiritual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Salem, Oregon, it is at—

Austin, Texas.....	1:43 p. m.
Boston, Mass.....	3:23 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.....	3:16 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.....	4:18 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.....	2:53 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.....	2:48 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.....	3:43 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	9:26 p. m.
Chicago.....	2:20 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.....	2:38 p. m.
Frankfurt, Germany.....	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.....	2:33 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.....	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	3:03 p. m.
Hartford, Conn.....	2:03 p. m.
London, Eng.....	8:11 p. m.
Leconington, N. H.....	1:48 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.....	2:03 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.....	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.....	2:11 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.....	2:43 p. m.
New York City.....	2:23 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.....	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.....	1:38 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.....	3:11 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.....	2:31 p. m.
Rome, Italy.....	9:01 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.....	2:48 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.....	1:07 p. m.
St. Domingo, W. I.....	3:53 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	1:58 p. m.
Santiago, Chile.....	3:28 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota.....	1:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.....	12:01 p. m.
Vienna, Austria.....	9:21 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico.....	3:46 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.....	1:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine.....	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.....	3:08 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia.....	9:49 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey.....	10:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio.....	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela.....	3:46 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island.....	3:58 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland.....	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland.....	8:01 p. m.
Dover, Delaware.....	3:09 p. m.
St. George, New Brunswick.....	4:18 p. m.
Georgetown, British Gua.....	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba.....	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.....	9:51 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine.....	10:31 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal.....	7:49 p. m.
Lima, Peru.....	3:04 p. m.
Madison, Wis.....	2:18 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.....	2:28 p. m.
Montreal, Canada.....	3:46 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.....	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.....	3:28 p. m.
New Orleans, La.....	2:11 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada.....	3:08 p. m.
Panama, New Granada.....	2:53 p. m.
Paris, France.....	08:19 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia.....	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	2:11 p. m.
St. John, N. B.....	3:46 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	1:58 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica.....	3:36 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.....	3:21 p. m.
Salt Lake C, U. T.....	12:43 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.....	2:33 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.....	2:08 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.....	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.....	3:01 p. m.

THE BETTER WAY.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.
EVERY SATURDAY.

L. BARNEY.....EDITOR.

CINCINNATI.....AUGUST 4, 1888

At Two Dollars and a half per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Three Dollars to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application.

Intelligence always insures progress. Get knowledge.

Morality is a builder; its opposite a destroyer.

Anonymous complaints of mediums are untrue as a rule and invariably unjust. Of course we can give them no attention, but their writers ought to be horsewhipped.

Did you ever take notice of God's image full of whisky? Not particularly Godlike then, you must admit. It is not a fair thing to see, and ought not to be seen. But how is it to be kept from view? What are you doing to assist in this work?

A fresh impetus to the cause of spiritual healing is imparted by the opening of Mrs. Rall's School at No. 512 West Liberty street. It is already doing grand good work, and the time is near when it will have more than it can do.

"CRAWFISH."

Those who have perused the R. P. J. of last week need not be informed as to how faithfully Col. J. C. B. has earned his second christening. Like Paddy's pig, "he is small, but d—d old." The courts of New York or the United States will yet take cognizance of some of his playful eccentricities, and it would be well were this done in the early fall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Write that which you wish to communicate without preface or apology. When you have written it, stop. If worth publishing, send it along. If not, in the name of God, or whoever you most admire, keep it. Write upon one side of the paper only, and spell as correctly as times and circumstances admit. May good angels bless you!

We have scores of communications on hand for THE BETTER WAY which contain the seed grain of thought, but so hampered by words it cannot be profitably utilized. These writings seem too good for the waste basket, and yet we have not time to eradicate their redundancies of grammar, rhetoric and adjective. The world must be denied their good points for awhile longer.

The servant of a lady in Maine procured and read that delightful book, "Life and Labor in the Spirit World," and was decidedly impressed by its revelations. Then the lady herself read it. She too was favorably impressed, and the book was loaned to others in the neighborhood. Inquiry was awakened, and resulted in bringing many persons to the light of Spiritualism through the silent influence of this single volume. It is a mine of wealth for the earnest investigator.

Mrs. Richmond's lecture upon a suggested theme, "In My Father's House Are Many Mansions," delivered at Lookout Mountain Camp on Sunday, July 8, ultimo, is attracting unusual attention in printed form, and the demand for it has almost exhausted the supply. The treatment of this text from a spiritual outlook is quite different from the old idea it was supposed to convey, and the suggestions of the lecture are replete with wholesome instruction. It should be read and re-read by every Spiritualist.

"All about the suicide" is the cry, almost daily, of the newsboys. How can the frequency of self-murder be accounted for? Only through insanity, it is thought—that insanity which springs from despair of a future life. Then its cure should come through proof of immortality. And it does. Spiritualists are never suicides. We speak advisedly: never! They cannot rush unbidden into the angel world, red-handed from their own blood, murderers self-convicted, for this would be equivalent to a bold invitation of disaster and a defiance of consequences. The teachings of Spiritualism lead to something quite the reverse of this result.

It is hinted in the dispatches that Mr. H. B. Philbrook, of Chicago, is about to be nominated by occult influences for the Presidency of the nation, and that Moses of old will act as chairman of the campaign committee. This is a strange announcement in a utilitarian age, but it is said that Mr. P. favors the movement, and that a convention of spirits and mortals is soon to be held in the auditorium, at Chicago, to carry it into effect. We are impressed with the notion that a smaller hall will accommodate such a convention, and that it would be more advisable to join its forces with those of Mrs. Lockwood than to seek new and untested material for so important an office; and Moses would enjoy the work of dispensing loot for the lady quite as much as for the Chicagoan. But do not let our preferences interfere with saving the country. If Mr. Philbrook is indispensable for this purpose, trot him out and show us his paces. Perhaps he will run in some direction, and the majority of candidates do no more.

The fatal facility of those writers who decry morality in Spiritualism is only equalled by their illiteracy. They appear to think that every approach to decency presupposes a creed, candlesticks, vestments and a pope, and that everything not creedal must of necessity be very free and easy. Such notions must be eradicated from the popular mind if the fair progress of Spiritualism is to be assured, for through immorality there can be no success for anything, and that which is not moral is certainly the reverse of morality. There is no compromise position.

Much of the best property in Cincinnati is occupied by sellers of whisky and beer. When an eligible business corner is vacated, the saloonist fixes his eagle eye upon it and usually becomes its lessee. There is a bleak prospect ahead for a city that is so devoted to the sale and consumption of hurtful stimulants, and we see no remedy but high license. Make it very high, not less than \$1,000. Philadelphia finds that such a regulator works well, for it has abolished the low doggeries, and a wholesale abolition of this sort in Cincinnati would prove of decided benefit to all classes of our population.

Only one month remains for subscribers to avail themselves of our offer to procure THE BETTER WAY at \$2.00 per year or \$1.00 for five months. On 1st September the price will be \$2.50 per annum or \$1.00 for four months, invariably; and at that date the paper will be greatly improved in every point of mechanical execution. It is the intention to make it the peer of the best Spiritualist newspaper in the world, and we will keep trying at this till it is fully accomplished.

It is a mistake to expect that God will destroy anybody. He did not make mankind for this purpose. Every impulse of parental feeling forbids destruction of offspring, and it cannot be. As well might we expect an earthly father to destroy his children for ordinary acts of disobedience. God may punish His disobedient creatures, and doubtless He will, for many deserve the severest discipline, but the punishment will be for the good of the delinquents, for their preservation rather than destruction, that they may be led to ultimate happiness rather than eternal misery.

We copy the following from "The Educator: Cause and Cure of all Disease."

"In closing, let us repeat what has been written elsewhere, that remedies will not be needed if we attend to the subject of prevention; it is far better to prevent than to be a slave to doctors and remedies. Back of all remedies recognized by our senses, is the spiritual power that works through all remedies and methods, and is the all-healing power of the universe. Study to live in harmony with this all-potent power, and the earth will be redeemed from sin and sickness."

There may be something better—even a reproduction of classical vitality—in the literature of Spiritualism, when there is earnest demand for it; and the need already exists. Phantom stories have become monotonous in hue and lineament, although they serve a good purpose when administered with the proper proportion of philosophy. We know that ghosts come and go as readily as any class of our fellow-creatures, and it is scarcely needful to enlarge upon their peculiarities; but we are far from finding out all the sublime lessons of Spiritualism which its phenomena illustrate. These should be found and treasured in our literature.

A day at the Centennial is of as much value to an alert and observing youth as a month in an ordinary school. In fact, no school can teach the great object lessons found in this Exposition, for they are unique, and, in ten thousand details, unapproachable; and therefore young gentlemen and ladies should not fail to attend and studiously observe. We do not speak of a day to be thus devoted as sufficient for a comprehensive view; but if well employed it will enable one to study the principal features of this truly cosmopolitan display and impress them upon the memory. Ten days can be grandly employed here, all profitably and full of the most exquisite entertainment. Now is the accepted time.

Yes, good friends everywhere, THE BETTER WAY is disposed to remain in the pleasant paths of eclecticism and give all reasonable correspondents an opportunity to express their views, but there shall be no acrimoniousness. "Let brotherly love continue" and all will be well. Prejudices cannot be conquered in a single generation, and we find them just as strong for as against certain things which we rate as absurdities, and therefore are we sometimes disposed to regard many of our own notions as possible absurdities. This is a world of effects. If we knew more about causes we might possibly afford to be arbitrary, but with our present lights, charity and frequent concession are in order. The neighbor whom we have thought all wrong in his theology may be much nearer the truth than we, with warped mentality, can get, and under all circumstances his honest views are entitled to respect. So are yours. Therefore you must see the utility of an eclectic Spiritualist newspaper, and it is really difficult for us to conceive how you can discover utility in a Spiritualist journal of any other character.

The game of base ball is a great harmonizer of elements. It has been the cause of much friendly intercourse between people. Thousands have learnt to know each other through the common interest manifested in the game, and much false pride and dignity of station have been temporarily laid aside in consequence. Many persons have become acquainted with each other, attended by good results, which probably nothing else except a common calamity, like an earthquake, could have brought about. And if one or the other is absolutely necessary to create brotherly love among mankind, let it be base ball—even if a little game should be necessary to establish the desired harmony at a seance before opening, or among Spiritualists on certain points of interest not yet determined.

"THE BETTER WAY gives a list of the real good and moral Spiritualist lecturers. Several on its list never gave a lecture in their lives and never will, and if some of them are samples of purity, we are glad to be left out. Such pharisaic movements only illustrate the words of Puck, 'What fools these mortals be.'"

Thus saith New Thought. No doubt this list, which we are trying to make good and clean, is foul enough, but we have asked the assistance of friends everywhere to aid in its purgation, and it would seem better to point out wherein it is defective than indulge in general terms of condemnation. We understand thoroughly that Moses and Mattie Hull are entitled to mention in the choicest list of Spiritualist lecturers, and so are many others whose names we have omitted, not purposely, but because they were not called to mind. It is the intention to perform a good work in the publication of these names—"real good" if possible—and New Thought may expect to discover in it something superior to a pharisaic animus before we are through with it. We call for a specification of those who "never delivered a lecture in their lives," as well as of those whose moral purity is questionable. Let us have the facts.

"MIXED" WORSHIP.

Religious society at Reading, Pa., is considerably torn up over some doings in "holiness meetings" recently inaugurated in Bethel African Methodist Episcopal congregation of that conservative city. Rev. R. B. Johns, the pastor, is said to be a born beauty, and he has become the escort home of some white ladies who were at his meetings unattended by male friends. Ladies of color kicked, the trustees made formal complaint, and they now say that if brother Johns persists in walking with white ladies, they will keep the church doors locked. What is the matter with white ladies? Are they not just as good as any, if they behave themselves?

The church building has been used as a place of "worship" by colored people for more than fifty years, but now they say they have no control over it. A few nights since one of the white visitors arose and said: "Well, we'll have our class meeting now, here in this room, and our colored friends can retire to the Sunday school room down stairs." The colored people went down, but they were boiling hot under the color. Some of the dusky maidens were in fighting mood, and with difficulty were they restrained from pulling the hair out of the heads of their pretty white sisters. They think there is something wrong, although brother Johns is a married man and very pious. There is a dog-days spiciness in the subject which goes a long way beyond our comprehension.

SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITISM.

The secondary suggestions of Spiritualism compromise an almost total abandonment of philosophy, and seek to concentrate interest in physical manifestations, with little regard to their legitimate deductions or the inferences which appear evident to thoughtful minds. Hence the moral force of the lessons of immortality is weakened or proves wholly without effect, and Spiritualism is charged with those immoralities which should be carried to the account of ignorance and unreason, for enlightened intellects avoid them with studious care. We speak of immoral Spiritualists, but the term involves a contradiction. Those who know the truth of spiritism through its phenomena are not Spiritualists because of this knowledge, any more than those who know the truth of astronomy through the manifestations of the planets are astronomers. Spiritualists become so logically, not mechanically, yet a majority of professing Spiritualists are merely spiritist automata, without an animating motive in behalf of moral government. A majority of creeds are constructed upon the same bleak model, and it is not strange that they turn out the same kind of blockheads.

Those who have seen, recognized and appreciated the light of that unending morning which dawns in immortal glory are wise enough to prepare for its enjoyment by noble deeds and lives illustrious for exalted example, and these are Spiritualists in a fair sense of the word. No others are in any sense Spiritualists, whether or not they know the truth of spirit phenomena; whether or not they acknowledge the fact of communication between spirits and mortals. Spiritualism without moral animation is as impossible as vegetation without light and heat, or harvest which cultivation does not precede.

THE SERPENT'S TRAIL.

An occasional protest reaches us anent our criticism of the sins of Roman Catholicism, and we are even informed that Protestantism is still more infamous. Under no conditions can one of these isms stand as an excuse for the other, for neither accepts the other as its exemplar; and furthermore, if there is any choice in the score of superior moral and intellectual status, it is most favorable to Protestantism. This is saying little enough.

When we reflect that for twelve centuries Roman Catholicism ruled the world in all its affairs, both secular and spiritual, and constantly made mankind worse in material and spiritual conditions, its condemnation cannot be too severe. During this long period there was no other church in all Christendom, and Protestantism was simply a defensive movement against its enormous abuses. What these abuses were would require many volumes to specify, and the longest record of crime the world will ever know. We need give but one example—the finding of the investigator of that old Abbey of St. Albans, which was found to be a nest of sodomy and fornication, the very aisles of the church itself being defiled with the abominable orgies of incestuous monks and nuns.

The evidence of this infamy is recorded with fatal conclusiveness. The cry of indignation against the condition of exempt English abbeys reached to Rome, and shocked even the tolerant worldliness of the much-enduring Pope. When the civil war was over and Henry VIII. was settled on the throne, Innocent VIII. enjoined Cardinal Morton to visit St. Albans and report upon it. This Cardinal, after examination of witnesses, has left in his register, as the result of the inquiry, that the brethren of the Abbey were living in filth and lasciviousness with the inmates of the dependent sisterhoods; that the adjoining Nunnery of Pray was a common brothel, the prioress setting the example by living in unrelaxed adultery with one of the monks. The abbot himself, too old for the pleasures of the flesh, had reverted to his early habits: had cut down the woods and sold them; had made away with the altar-vessels, and stolen and disposed of the jewels of the shrine. The few members of the house who retained a sense of decency were oppressed and persecuted; and the beautiful abbey, the home of the Protomartyr, which had been born in miracles and cradled in asceticism, was given over to the abomination of desolation.

After another fifty years the "religious houses" in England—the soul of them long dead, the body putrefying and poisoning the air—were swept away by the besom of Henry VIII. The land could bear with them no longer. So abhorred were they that in many places the country people rose on them, and when the government gave the word, tore them down, aisle and tower, grained arch and fluted column, down to the very ground, not leaving one stone upon another and driving the plow over the spot where they had stood. The ruins of a few have stood for three centuries, instructive emblems of the fate of noble institutions which survive the spirit which gave them meaning and utility. They preach with a silent force more eloquent than the tongues of a thousand orators that the most saintly professions are not safe from the grossest corruption, and that the more ambitious the pretensions to piety, the more austere is the vengeance upon its neglect. Spurious devotionism carries a virus which works sure calamity upon itself.

If Roman Catholicism can stand against the most damning records of history and continue its crimes and receive the ignorant devotion of its enormous clientele, it has the principle of life equal to that of the fabled Phoenix, and the assurance of ten thousand Mephistos. But it cannot stand.

TRUTH THE ONLY GOOD.

The area of superficial cultivation is vastly too broad. More profit may be derived from thorough knowledge of the elementary principles in any branch of investigation, than from a mere smattering of the entire range of science. Better the spelling book well mastered than the skimmings of all philosophy. Thorough mastery of one problem in mathematics is preferable to the "poll-parrot" of Euclid complete. One principle immovably established is of greater worth than all the theories in Christendom. The man who knows is in demand; he who only supposes will always remain in the background.

Knowledge comes from understanding; from separating the true from the false and cherishing it in the mind. Really there is but one thing to be learned: truth. Some people devote all their lives to the acquisition of its opposite, and store up falsehood like a priceless treasure, only to find at last that they grasp impalpable emptiness; while others are more pleased with the glitter of the imitation, which, after its brief bedizenment, corrodes and leaves them to despair. All truth is valuable, and there is no value in anything beside, so it is important at the beginning to make sure we have it instead of its counterfeit. Then we are upon a sure foundation.

Nothing is of worth which rests upon belief alone, for it is not possible to be certain that we really believe. Creeds are fashioned by human desires and colored

by the habits and avocations of men, and when they become irksome, are thrown off and others taken on to suit the revised mood. This would not be were they founded in truth or embodied in positive belief, for it would not be possible.

There are certain phenomena in the physical world which we know to be true, for we have had the evidence. Eclipses of the sun and moon, occultation of planets, ebb and flow of the tides, reproduction of animal and vegetable life, and scores of occurrences equally wonderful, have impressed us with the power and versatility of nature, and we know all these things are governed by immutable law. The unreflecting intellect receives them as matter of course, but the scholar is awed and instructed by their every recurrence. He sees in them the majesty and power which is above the grasp of mortal comprehension, and infinitely superior to the highest faculties of man.

Yet phenomena no more wonderful, and which just as actually occur, are relegated to the domain of trickery by many scientists, who condemn at the instigation of prejudice and refuse reasonable investigation. Just as all the eminent discoverers and progressive minds of the early days were scouted and maligned, Spiritualists are to-day maltreated and sneered at. Why? Because they have found truths which the world at large regards with suspicion and very generally refuses to investigate, although investigators are more numerous than the world really suspects. And herein consists the safety of Spiritualism, for all who intelligently and persistently investigate it, find its truth and glorify the grand discovery. This good work will continue till that glad time of universal truth when all mankind shall witness the glory of the coming of the Lord.

DEATH.

Death has no terrors for those who know of immortality, and Spiritualists know of it positively. No other philosophy, creed, religion or science proves it so effectually, and in fact, is the only one that does prove it. Christianity, Mahomedanism, Buddhism, etc., only give unproven testimony of a life hereafter, and do not even allow their adherents to doubt what is written in their respective records. And to doubt the absurdities gives license to challenge the whole, while on the other hand they must swallow it all, or be regarded as unfaithful. Now, Spiritualism has no unproven testimony. It teaches, or proves the immortality of the soul in the present, and permits everyone to doubt even that which he hears through the most direct source, or that which he reads in the records of to-day, for it can easily procure additional testimony and invites investigation. This means that every individual can be convinced through his own physical senses, and needs not resort to belief or faith to be regarded as one of the elect, or a member in good standing. Why, radical Spiritualists even regard those who take the best of testimony on faith as impractical, and not belonging to the progressive order. Every individual must know by experience before taking part in their operations or their philosophy, and without this knowledge or experience they are not esteemed as good Spiritualists. To be a so-called good Spiritualist one must be practical, temperate and charitable, which embraces all the religion needed to make a human being happy. With this as a basis, we are led onward, step by step, comprehending the grand truths contained in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and as we learn these, we learn the nature of the universe—a microcosm of which is contained in our own little selves. No books are needed when the tide of our thought is directed on self as a subject of investigation or introspection, for that is the key which unlocks the mysteries of creation, and among them is one which proves there is no death. This one fact alone erases all fear of this dreaded monster, though a mythical one, and to know this, man becomes convinced of the opposite, or that there is nothing to fear. All is life, absolute and immutable, without beginning or end, and known to the individualized being, man, as immortality. This is a fact proven only through Spiritualism, and its followers therefore know positively that death, so called, does not exist—thus can have no terrors for those in earth life.

AN OBVIOUS WANT.

Men are only ridiculous in their pretensions. If they are natural and just they cannot be made subjects of jest with any show of success. If they are reasonable in belief and conform practice to profession, they elicit respect and confidence.

Some Spiritualists find it difficult to sympathize with this view. But a few weeks since one said to us: "I know Spiritualism is true and its teachings sublime, but many professing Spiritualists disregard its most obvious lessons; and I do not declare myself because I have strong objection to association with your unassorted and intensely eccentric membership."

At first blush this expression looks hypocritical, but, although wrong in principle, the sentiment is natural and almost inevitable, for it is founded in fact. There is a remedy however, and quite accessible. It is found in reversing the order of this good friend's action. Those who know Spiritualism to be truth should so declare boldly, and take their place in its ranks; and when this is done the good people will so largely outnumber those who are indifferent to morality that the whole body will

be reformed and purified. It is something to find out the desirability of purification. Pretty soon after this is discovered, some definite action may be looked for in the direction of the end desired. Spiritualism needs the help of good men in just this work, and it needs as many men and women as will come into its active labors for the best work of which it is capable. Its best work will never be realized until it gains such accessions to its ranks, but when this work is realized the world will be conquered by its divine power. This result is worth sacrifice of time, prejudice, money, even that which we call life, for through it the better life will be assured.

Many who stand aloof from association in Spiritualism are guilty of a great wrong to themselves and the world, for the cause needs their work and influence, and beyond question this is the work appointed for them to do. They take a strained view of the situation. Men do not refuse to follow the law simply because some lawyers have been rascals, nor do they avoid the priesthood even when they know that the majority of priests are hypocrites. Why should Spiritualism be singled out for avoidance on the ground that some professing Spiritualists fail to practice that which they profess to believe?

Organization in Spiritualism is the grand desideratum preliminary to the reform hinted at, and for this purpose it need not be upon the basis of a creed. From every standpoint we can discover a creed is quite undesirable, but there must be a code, and this should be mandatory. We are told that such organization will result in divisions among Spiritualists, for some are opposed to organization. Those who do not wish to organize need not do so, but the number of such will be small after the benefit of associate action is experienced, and we apprehend the cry of "divisions" to be only a bugbear.

Spiritualists should be natural. All nature is organized.

FRAUD AND LYING.

Talk about fraud is just now in plentiful sufficiency. Of course there is fraud through professing mediums. Those who are anxiously looking for nothing else are sure to find it among them, for like attracts like. Raiders will always find fraud on the same principle. They must have it, else their occupation is gone. Fraud hunters are never without their reward, for they attract spirits who will give them just what they want to the last item. There are spirits who unfortunately deal in nothing but counterfeit goods, just like the counterfeiters in earth life, and their entire happiness is found in plying this disreputable vocation. There need be no lack of fraud for those who enjoy it.

But the time has come when the suspicion of dishonesty should not rest upon a medium who is good and true, and when, if such are charged with fraud, Spiritualists should see that a proper investigation is made and the falsifier punished. Is this position correct? We think so. It does not involve a weak point from the outlook of THE BETTER WAY, and probably every reader accepts it as correct. Very well so far, but it is probably remembered that on 5th May proximo, John Crawfish Bundy charged one of the most eminent mediums in the United States with fraud of the lowest order, and proffered to prove his dirty words "in the Courts of New York City." He was promptly offered cash for his expenses and large pay for his time if he would go to New York and do that which he volunteered to perform in his printed libel; but he merely whined like a whipped cur and intimated that somebody would seek to deprive him of his liberty if he went to New York, and, upon the whole, he wouldn't go! No! he had had his innings, defamed innocence and sought to wreck a respectable woman, and failed, so he would carry his role in the tragedy no longer. He could afford to lie until somebody found him out. He made an assertion and offered to prove it, evidently in anticipation that proof would not be called for, but he reckoned without his host. It is called for, and in tones which will not be denied. There is a demand that he make good his words or forever stand convicted of gross defamation. Let him select the alternative. He dare not go to New York and make his presence known, an act which must be preliminary to that he has promised, and unless he does this he is willing to be known as an unconscionable libeler. Not a pretty corner for a man to corral himself in, but this is just where John Crawfish Bundy has placed himself by some conscienceless scratches of the pen! Why don't he stop lying?

Heroes and Heroines.

There are heroes and heroines in every walk of life who are making sacrifices daily, because they are faithful to the truth which is in them. They are unwilling to adopt the too prevalent custom of repeating words in which they have no belief; and, moreover, they are earnestly desirous of helping onward the day of freedom from the narrow, bigoted dogmas which enslave so many minds. The question with them is not, will it pay me in dollars and cents, or in social position and popularity, to be thus true to my own convictions?

That question must, for the present, certainly be answered in the negative. But there is a higher motive, that of devotion and loyalty to the truth, and the hatred of error and superstition, which impels them, not only to reject dogmas no longer tenable, but to aid in ascertaining and disseminating truth and light.—[Stoddard, in Secular Thought.]

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Lyceums for the education of our children are the hope of Spiritualists. Communications for this department should be addressed to ALFONSO DANKFORTH, No. 2 Fountain Square, Roxbury, Mass.

Schools of Religion at Gettysburg, 1863-1888.

What is the field of Gettysburg?

One of the historic localities of the country where the decisive battle of a long and terrible civil war was fought. On this hallowed ground, consecrated by American valor, what lie buried?

Not only the mortal part of Americans who wore the blue and gray, but the passions of war, the jealousies of sections, and the bitter root of all our national differences—human slavery.

What was decided at this place?

The civil contest, through renowned campaigns of courageous endurance, of fearful carnage, and of accumulated heart-suffering in northern and southern homes; but over the fiery crest of the waves of war the destiny of the American Union was then and there decided.

What did Abraham Lincoln say with his true American heart, while the war was imminent, but had not yet begun? "We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Was his prophetic vision fulfilled?

Yes. The murmur of these hosts of peace encamped upon this field of war—this universal voice of friendly greeting and congratulation, the cheers of the blue echoing the cheers of the gray; what are they but the answering music of those chords of memory, the swelling chorus of the Union responding to the better angels of our nature—and there is peace and joy in the heart of Abraham Lincoln as he again walks with the heroes of twenty five years ago.

What view of the war can we take?

One of constitutional vindication, and another of interpretation, but the issue at stake was the nature and vitality of a great political union.

What was the nature of the contest?

Citizens of a common country self-organized into military hosts to maintain conflicting principles held with equal sincerity, and defended with equal courage.

What can we say of our country?

That it was led to independence by Washington; then torn by angry domestic strife; brought to perfect and enduring peace with malice toward none, and charity for all, by the patriotism of Lincoln and the magnanimity of Grant.

What is the Union at the end of the first one hundred years of its national existence?

The sacred, seamless garment of equal rights; of harmonious institutions; of accordant views of the government, in which 60,000,000 of people in thirty-eight States are invincibly arrayed.

What should be our duty as liberty-loving, law-abiding Americans?

As we are at the head of a popular government, we should not allow our personal rights to be interfered with, our good laws and of just administration to be imperilled by the ignorant, lawless, idle and dangerous overflow of all other countries.

What are we as a nation?

The occupants and guardians of this country, and we have a kindly heart and hospitable hand toward all the world, but we must prescribe the conditions upon which the world shall come here.

What question interests Americans which must be honorably entertained and patriotically adjusted?

A free legal ballot.

What forces assure the future of this country.

The perfect freedom of speech and perfect fraternity of spirit, and happy for us, happy for mankind, if we and our children shall comprehend that these are the fundamental conditions of the life of the Republic.

What shall we see in the future?

A country whose vast population covering the continent with a glory of civilization, the completed century of the great battle shall be celebrated. The generation that shall gather on this historic field will rise and sing aloud the battle cry of liberty, and the arisen ones shall join in the loud amen, and their most precious benediction on the field of Gettysburg will be the Blue and Gray blending in happy harmony, like the mingling hues of the summer landscape, we may see the radiant symbol of the triumphant America of our pride, our hope and our joy.

July, 1888.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS ON GETTYSBURG MEMORIAL.

Twenty-five years have passed, and now the combatants of '63 come together again on the old battle field to unite in pledges of love a devotion to one constitution, one Union and one flag. To-day there are no victors, no vanquished.

As Americans, we all claim a common share in the glories of this battle-field, memorable for so many brilliant feats of arms.

No stain rests on the colors of any battalion, battery or troop that contended here for victory.

Gallant Buford, who began the battle, and brave Pickett, who closed the struggle, fitly represent the intrepid hosts that, for three days, rivalled each other in titles of martial renown.

We dedicate here on this battle-field to day an altar sacred to peace and tranquility and union.

We sow the seeds of friendship between communities, States and populations once hostile, but now reconciled.

We all share in the rich harvest reaped by the whole country, North and South, East and West, from the new America, born on this battle-field when the republic consecrated her institutions to liberty and justice.

Our civil war was not a conspiracy against a ruler; it was not a plot to oust a rival from power, but a war of institutions, systems and policies.

The war was universal in its beneficent influence upon the destinies of this country, and ineffaceable in the footprints it made in the path of our national progress.

The memories of such a war are as indestructible as our civilization and the names of Lincoln and Lee, Grant and Jackson, can never be effaced from our annals.

The valor, fortitude and achievements of both armies, never surpassed in any age, demand a record in American history, and now that time and thought, common sense and common interests have softened all the animosities of war, we may bury them forever while we cherish and perpetuate as Americans the immortal heritage of honor belonging to a republic that became imperishable when it became free.

The war of 1861 and '65 demonstrated the vitality of Republican institutions, and illustrated the martial spirit and resources and genius of the American soldier and sailor, and signalized the great conflict as the heroic age of the republic.

We fought until the furnace of war melted all our discords and moulded us again into a stronger and wiser nation, and let us resolve to maintain our Union, preserve our institutions and defend our flag.

May this republic lead the world by its silent and shining example, to that blessed consummation when every dynasty will be dethroned, every great army disbanded, and every people will rule themselves.

Let the North and South join in consecrating for annual patriotic pilgrimage these historic heights which drank such copious draughts of American blood, poured so freely in discharge of duty.

Set apart this land as an enduring monument of peace, brotherhood, and perpetual union; and with singleness of heart and of purpose in the name of a common country, and of universal human liberty, and by the blood of our fallen brothers, unite in the solemn consecration of those battle-hallowed hills as a holy, eternal pledge of fidelity to the life, freedom and unity of this cherished republic.

TO AMERICA AND FREEDOM.
For that great cause for which your fathers bled,
And whose lives and holy martyrs died,
For which a thousand fields with blood are red
And rivers shuddered with their crimson tide,
For this, the dream-enraptured prophets see,
The far-off vision of the statesman's eyes,
The coming of divine democracy—
For this you live beneath your modern skies.
As we throw off a haughty tyrant's sway,
So you must war to make your nation free,
To quell the hydra evils of the day,
To stand for truth and sweet sincerity,
To crush the pride of place and gain—the lust
That grinds God's freemen in the lowly dust.
No day of yours is less divine than ours,
No deed of yours we deem, but it shall be
A stone enduring in the rising towers
The western world builds for eternity.

"Shadows" Explains.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

After speaking so highly of the mediumship of C. H. Bridge, as I did in a late BETTER WAY, and receiving also some letters of inquiry in connection with his late exhibition and exposure at the Boston Theatre, I am led to write this letter of explanation, which will speak for itself. I have nothing, however, to take back about his mediumship. I have had positive serious proof of not only his spirit manifestations, but positive proof also of the manifestations of special spirits. How then is this positive statement reconciled with his exposure at the Boston Theatre by Prof. Kellar, the prestigator? The Indian once said, "White man very uncertain," well, it seems the Indian was right. I have been expecting to hear his side of the story; his silence leads the public as well as many who believed in him to draw unfavorable inferences, and I must confess I do with the rest, and in a few words my impression is, that he has not done very well the past season, peculiarly got hard up, as we would say. Scarcely, you know for a year past have not been popular or profitable, due to persecutions in the shape of raids, people not liking to attend where disturbances are liable, and Mr. Bridge feeling the want of money he joined with Kellar to get up a sensation and a crowd and make some money and so far he was successful and is probably a \$1,000 in hand, more, for it was a \$1,500 or \$2,000 house. If Bridge was honest he was not smart

enough for Mr. Kellar, and if there was any collusion he could not have been honest, though possibly the prestigator may have played him false; gave him an inch and he took an ell. Of course this is all inferential. He said to me after the affair that the bench seat on was not his and a trick bench was surreptitiously substituted. In the light of his silence, no explanation given, not a word said, no one would believe such a statement and more than that, such a substitution could not have been made without collusion, and the fair inference is, and the common sense one too, is that he so speak "sold his birthright for a mess of pottage," or in other words sold himself and Spiritualism for the net proceeds, or half of them, of a well filled house. Well, Spiritualism will live and so will mediumship and be a source of comfort to many people as it has been and is to me, and tests that I have had through Mr. Bridge before he stepped aside, will be to me well remembered facts, and if my inferences are right I hope he will see that he has bought his emolument too dear. I am very sorry all this has happened for it has smothered our cause in the presence of 2,000 people and the uncontradicted statements of the affair read and commented on by hundreds of thousands. I feel it due to me to say this with sorrow and to say also that I have not been cheated in what I have seen in his connection before this misstep, and am only too sorry to record this. JOHN WETHERBEE, Boston, July 23, 1888.

Good Advice.

Young man, if it should ever be your fortune to hear a woman declare she never sews, beware! Shun her as you would the chills and fever. Be insane enough to make such a one your wife, and before the honeymoon is over, the horrors of buttonless shirts and hose full of holes will be upon you; your fair lady's sewing will be done by others, while she hopes in idleness or rots in fashionable dissipation. Then you may well bid farewell to all your dreams of domestic felicity; they would fade as summer flowers at the touch of frost. We have heard ladies, educated and intelligent ladies, declare with actual pride their ignorance of the art of cooking. "They could not make a cup of coffee to save their lives!" and as to their making a loaf of bread, or cooking a simple dinner that was out of their power. Poor, miserable unfortunates!

"They're Taking Baby."

A correspondent of Light relates the following as described to her by Miss H., the daughter of a clergyman in England, "a very truthful, not very imaginative woman," and not a Spiritualist, as an experience of hers while sitting up with a poor woman in her father's parish, whose babe was dying: "There were two beds in a cottage chamber, one, a crib, in which a child of three or four, the baby's brother, had been asleep for several hours. Miss H.—and the mother stood beside the other larger bed, on which the infant lay at its last gasp. Suddenly an eager little voice called from the crib, and they saw the small brother sitting up, wide awake, and pointing with a kind of rapture in his face. He cried out: 'Oh! mammy, mammy, beautiful ladies all around baby! B-a-u-tiful ladies! O! mammy, mammy, they're taking baby!' The watchers turned their eyes on the bed again—the infant had expired."

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IN THE

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY OVER

THE RIVER AND BEYOND.

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NOW READY,

FRESH FROM THE PRESS.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

—AND—

Other Tales & Sketches

BY A BAND OF SPIRIT INTELLIGENCES,

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MISS M. T. SHELLHAMER.

And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and the face of the sad shall glow radiant in the light of Eternal Dawn; the weary-hearted shall find rest; and the heavily-laden shall drop their burdens; for the Land of the Blest overflows with boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

This new volume consists of two parts; the first containing a series of articles by Spirit "Benefice," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read and reflect upon. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unhappiness outside the heavenly gates to one of peace in the "Sunshine Land"—developing on the way stories of individual lives and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of spirit-world. This portion of the volume concludes with a personal narrative of "What I found in Spirit-Life"—by Spirit Susan—a pure and simple relation of the life pursued by a gentle soul in her home beyond the veil.

Part second of this interesting book opens with "Morna's Story," a five installments autobiographical narrative. This remarkable history has never before appeared in print. It treats of life, states of government, schools, art, language, training, locomotion, food and nutrition, in words before the world, of sacred councils in the spiritual kingdom, and of the high development of mediumship in such a state, giving much information on important subjects to those who read. We also have here some interesting stories of several chapters each, "Here and Beyond" and "Slippery Places," which "Morna" has given to the world through the columns of the Banner of Light; and the book concludes with a new story of sixteen chapters, which that interesting spirit presents to the public for the first time, entitled "The Blind Clairvoyant, or a Tale of Two Worlds." Those who have read the serials emanating from the mind of "Morna" through the pen of Miss Shellhamer, need not be told of what a treat they have in store in the perusal of this production.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

THOUGHTS FROM A SPIRIT'S STANDPOINT.

Number One.

Number Two.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

CHAPTER.

I. My Death.

II. A Spirit's Woo.

III. The Penitent.

IV. Spirit in Darkness.

V. The Children's Valley.

VI. Within the Gates.

VII. In the Sunshine Land.

VIII. My Beautiful Spirit Home.

IX. Conclusion.

WHAT I FOUND IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

Number One.

Number Two.

PART II.

MORNA'S STORY.

I. First Conceptions of Spirit-Life; Its Homes, Governments, and Colleges.

II. Transition in the Spheres.

III. Language, Society, etc., in the Spirit-World.

IV. Preparing to Enter the Temple.

V. Development of Mediumship in the Spirit-World.

HERE AND BEYOND.

I. The Hand of Death.

II. The Summons.

III. His Experiences.

IV. A Glimpse of Heaven.

V. Struggles with Self.

VI. The Conquest.

VII. At Home.

SLIPPERY PLACES.

Was It Life or Death?

Doris.

New Experiences.

At Cross Purposes.

The Wanderer.

VI. The House of Refuge.

VII. "The Little Mother."

VIII. Spiritual Experiences.

IX. Light at Last.

THE BLIND CLAIRVOYANT.

I. The Clairvoyant.

II. Confidences.

III. Spiritual Work.

IV. New Developments.

V. A New Move.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the Mediumship of HELEN MARIE CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Spirit, King Henry VIII.

1. I am Cora Patterson; my home is in Reading, Pennsylvania. My father is William Patterson, and my mother Katura. I have two sisters and one brother. I was only a girl when I passed over, and have gone but a few years. Dear parents, Grandma and aunt Hannah are with me; they are happy, and still have a love for the old farm. You know, mother, the red farm house was the home of your childhood. Poor old Zipl that was a sad fate. I mention this, dear ones, to let you know that I am near you very, very often.

2. I am William Keefer; I desire to reach Mary Keefer, my wife. O, Mamie, if I had only done better! Dear, dear Mamie, I never appreciated you until it was too late. Now I am here, torn by my own thoughts. O, Mamie, Mamie, tell those on earth to lead a better life. Surely a cooling drop of divine forgiveness would quench my thirst, yet I must compensate. Mamie, help me; I did call on God, but in the last hour, help me to reach out now. Give my love to the children and to Gaston.

3. I am Robert Dallam; I want to communicate with my mother. I learned a little of the way two years ago, when I was yet in the body. Mother, don't be anxious; they were splints of steel that caused my death. Give my love to all, and to Gertrude. I am doing well, and would ask you not to grieve. I have found the true way. I wish to be remembered to Leander and the rest.

4. I am Harry Sheffield; passed away from this earth many years ago. My home was in Birmingham, England. I was a long time curate of a village church, and, as such, I will be remembered by Madame Thompson. I desire to aid her, and will do so in the matter of writing. I impressed the letter to be sent. Everette and I have become firm friends, and Madame, the dear old mother and sister and little one are also near to assist in the loving message. If you look back over many years, I think you will remember me. You were but a girl. The Flemings, especially Lady Fleming, gave me that living, and I was pale and ill when you knew me. I remember the bright-eyed, bright-haired girl very vividly, and it is to her as a woman that I now come.

5. I am C. Neavitt Steele. I have dear ones in Washington, Baltimore, New York, and San Antonio. I made law a profession while in this world; many of my loved ones have followed a more sacred calling. Little Mabel is with us, and Fannie is doing well. I come to this earth to assure many of our loved ones who are seeking to know, that there are ministering spirits. I desire specially to reach I. Neavitt Steele, at present in New York. He is a musician and a clergyman, an earnest pursuer of whatsoever he deems his calling. I am happy in Paradise, looking and waiting for the time when we shall be all together.

Written for The Better Way.

Problems in Life—Human Rights.

BY GEORGE A. DELLEKE.

Go learn thy power, arise oh soul
Shake off the demon in control;
Thy soul is free; to act, to give
Conditions, daily how to live.

The Constitution of the United States of America propounds to humanity these words: "All souls are born free and equal." Yet from the standpoint of many citizens, they prove a felicitous libel on human nature. The man that is born into the world of poor and humble parentage, does not feel that he has been placed on an equal footing in life with his rich neighbor, and thus these words seem to condemn themselves in their application to humanity at large. To prove their constancy we must take up the question: "What is man and his requirements?"

We find man an incarnated spirit, placed upon the earth as a scholar, to learn the conditions of earth life and its planetary laws, that he may be better fitted to act in accordance with wisdom and knowledge as he progresses onward in life; how many children feel at the early stage of their school education the usefulness of their many studies. Yet as time rolls on and matures their knowledge, and years progress their lives, they then see the usefulness of their many studies.

Who begrudges the time spent in learning the lessons of youth? Why the change in your opinions, has time matured your spirit and changed your views, or are you wiser from the fact of educational pursuits? Why do we change our views, our likes and dislikes, are we not the same individuals? Is it because we have grown wiser in our knowledge of life and its conditions, if so, does not wisdom prompt our actions, and experience show the necessity of these actions? Then man's spirit must be the cultivated and growing power of himself; his body cannot act without the will and energy behind it. Then the spirit man is the real man, and that which enriches the spirit, are the conditions of development of the real man.

Then what has material conditions to do with the freedom of mankind? Riches do not always bring happiness. Can not we love as deeply without riches as with them? The trouble is mankind views life from a physical standpoint, and views the surroundings of physical life as the positive conditions of the spiritual or real life.

When we look at the bearings of life as demonstrated to us to-day, and feel that earth's conditions are only a school of experience, teaching us the possibilities within ourselves, to make us fit for higher conditions of life. Can we not afford to suffer on earth for a short time, to enable us to bring out the affection of our nature, that will cause us to extend our love and sympathy to those now passing through the ordeal that we have just emerged from? Material life is the first stage of spiritual existence that we are cognizant of to-day, and we have to outgrow all our animal propensities to realize that we are a spirit, and that spirit is the real or inner man progressing through the environments of our earth existence, hence man must learn of his spiritual self, and his possibilities as a spirit before he can claim the right to judge of his earth's surroundings, with a positive knowledge of his justice.

We do not claim that man gets justice from man, or all he is entitled to on earth to-day. Yet we do claim his spirit is born free and equal in all things, and his life to-day is only the expression of his pure soul, according to its unfoldment from the conditions that environ it to-day. He is only a pupil in life's unfoldment, and when he learns to unfold in spirit and thus control the animal of his nature. It will make but little difference to him whether he was born in earth life of rich or poor parentage, he being a pure soul in his soul-nature, is linked to divine principles. And his freedom consists in permitting him to unfold his soul-nature as he chooses to his higher conditions of life. Poverty or riches does not prevent your progressions in your spirit nature. Gifts of worldly things does not count any more to the one that has them to give, than the willingness to give does from those that have no gifts to bestow. The desire to give makes the worthiness that unfolds the good within. Love in actions often counts more than earthly gain, and all have the faculty of love within their own souls, it costs nothing, and when given away it is replaced by holier love from the pure unfolding soul. Principle is the guiding star of life, oh let that star shine through your organism; let humanity point to you as the light that leads them on to higher conditions in life. Without money or price let your love flow out in sympathy to your fellow man. Be his instructor, and angels will gather around your physical form and bring you divine and holy thoughts, that will approve of your walk on earth. Then when the higher call is made and your physical body is cast aside, and the soul stands forth in its shining robes of purity and love, you will realize the problem of your soul's worth and its beauty in unfoldment. Therefore, you that are born of lowly parentage, respect yourselves. You are a creature of life, linked to divine thought, free to act your will.

Poverty is only in the ignorance and superstition of life, false teaching keeps you poor, and false teachings come from ignorance or the undeveloped condition of your teachers to the truth and proper conditions and possibilities of the human soul.

Then make thy life bright every day
Discard all sorrow from thy way
Depression only has the right
To act; when will has taken flight.

Man is born free, to act, to wield
No power on earth can make him yield
Thus thro' his life he holds the way
To make a triumph, of each day.

Is Spiritualism Dangerous, Immoral or Wrong?

A correspondent of the Medium and Daybreak (W. C. Stokes), furnishes it with a brief report of an address delivered by the spirit-guides of Mrs. Yeeles, at Peckham. After remarking that some people have come to the conclusion that Spiritualism is dangerous, have determined to have nothing to do with it, it was said:

"Man is a spirit; therefore it must be dangerous to have to do with man! Spirit has ever tried to demonstrate itself on this earth-plane; not only in the form of a tiny babe, but in the gray-headed old man, who has spent his life in toiling by the sweat of his brow to earn a living to sustain the body and to keep that spirit in it. But the teaching of Spiritualism is: to do to others as you would wish to be done by. Is that dangerous? The teaching of Spiritualism is: if you see a brother low, go help to raise him up. If you see your brother in need of your sympathy, go wrap the mantle of love around him and strengthen him. Let the weak one see that you cultivate the good spiritual power, which God is ever ready and willing to bestow upon his children of earth through his ministering spirits."

"Spiritualism immoral! Oh, friends! could we only show you the beauty, the love, the vitality that is ever being poured upon this world of yours to influence man to lead a higher and nobler life. Is that dangerous teaching? Is that wrong? Is it immoral? Is it of the devil? No! friends. It goes further—it comes in the form of a husband, who has been torn from his wife, the partner of his life; he has passed from the body, leaving the dear ones to struggle with their material life; yes, perhaps to work to earn the bread that he would fain have done had he been permitted to continue longer in the body. Yet that loved one comes with the mantle of love to give strength, courage, energy, and in the still silent hours of night to watch over those loved ones to him so dear. Is that immoral? Is that dangerous?"

Written for The Better Way.

Song for the Circle Room.

BY "PRIESTESS."

[Air—"Greenland's Icy Mountains,"]

In joyous expectation
We gather here to-night,
To greet with glad and bright
The spirit pure and bright!
Oh, sing a joyful greeting
To souls from sorrow free,
And grace this happy meeting
With sweetest harmony!

Our Father's love hath crowned us
With blessings wise and kind,
Though darkness seemed around us
And earthly eyes were blind!
Now words of love are given
And tidings from afar—
For lo! the gates of heaven
Before us stand ajar!

We gaze in happy wonder
At that sweet paradise—
The curtain's rent asunder
That once did veil our eyes!
No longer are we parted
From dear ones gone before—
No longer heavy-hearted—
Our separation's o'er!

Written for The Better Way.

Inspirational Poem.

BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

Can the desert bloom with rarest flowers?
Can meadows be green and leave no showers?
Can the swiftly flowing waters stagnate?
Can pure love enter the portals of hate?
Can modest virtue with vice claim akin?
Can truth and honor walk in paths of sin?
Can a wise man hope to raise golden grain
From untill'd land or the rock-cave's plain?
Can wisdom be weighed in the ducal's scales?
Narrow minds are swayed by priestcraft's tales.

Seek to glean the truth from the angel band,
We have come to earth from the summer land—
We have come to enlighten, proclaim and prove,
That spirits immortal do onward move,
We have opened death's door and sent a ray
For souls who are seeking the higher way.
We bring you knowledge and show unto men
Faith is not needed, and life has no end.
Drawing near we would fill your souls with love,
And bring true tidings of our home above.

Doctor R. G. Ingersoll.

[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has ideas on doctors, and physic, and medical treatment, as well as on some other subjects, and in connection with the illness of his friend, Mr. Conkling, he said:

There is altogether too much gloom about most sick chambers. People tiptoe in and about, and wear long faces and act generally in a way that would make every well man sick, and is bound to make a sick man worse. I believe many a man has been hurried across the dark river by his horrible, soul depressing treatment, who might have become well and strong and useful, if he had more sunshine and fresh air in his room, or the odor of flowers to offset the smell of the drugs, and smiling, hopeful countenances about, instead of woe-begone visages, whose every glance betokens the loss of hope and the belief in the speedy dissolution of the pain-racked patient.

I had a friend once named Haley, a royal good fellow, of whom I thought a great deal. On one occasion I received word that my old friend was dying and wanted to see me, so I went over to his house. I met his wife, and she had a face as long as the moral law, and ten times more uncomfortable. Well, I went to see Haley, and there he lay counting the moments in a bitter fear that each would be the last. I don't know what particular disease he was troubled with, but either that or the medicine had turned him a vivid saffron color.

"Haley," I said, "I'll be hanged if I'd want to die with such a complexion as that. You would be a pretty sight to go mooning about the other world looking like a Chinaman!" I went on for a few minutes, when the poor fellow began to enter into the spirit of the subject himself, and I showed him his face in a mirror, and that brought a smile. Then I turned to his weeping wife and told her to cheer up, that Haley was not going to die; that he was good for twenty years to come.

"The trouble with your husband is, that he is scared to death," I said. "You all come in looking so downcast and sorrowful that you give him the impression he is done for, and take away all his courage to fight against the sickness."

Well, the result of all this was that Haley commenced to mend, and time and again since then he has said that my visit saved his life.

On another occasion there was a Major in the army whom I knew very well. He was taken ill, and believed he was going to die. I believed he was simply homesick, or something of that sort. Well, I wrote his obituary, and went to see him in his tent.

"Major," said I, "you are so sure of dying that I have written your obituary and want to read it to you." He protested, but I went on with the reading and detailed every pleasant incident of his life. Before I finished a smile flitted across his face. After the obituary I read him a story of something supposed to have taken place a year after his funeral. It was a description of his widow's second marriage. There were a good many more people at the wedding than there were at the funeral. Well, this treatment had the effect to change the current of the Major's thoughts. It broke up his hallucinations, and he recovered and did good service during the war, and lived a happy life for years after.

Then there was a man from our town named Marcy. He got it into his head that he was going to die. At that time no one was allowed to leave the army for a visit to the North, except on sick leave, or occasionally to accompany the remains of a dead comrade. I saw Marcy and said to him: "Now, Marcy, you say you are going to die. If that is so, I don't suppose a few days one way or the other will make much difference to you. I want to go home for a day or two about the 15th, but cannot get a leave of absence. Now, if you want to do me a very great favor and will quit this life, say on the 12th, I can get my coveted leave of absence to take you home—see?" He knew my man, and he didn't die. He got very angry instead, and recovered, but he declares to this day that it was my proposition that brought him back his old stubbornness and gave him grit to fight for his life. He always did object to being made a mere convenience of.

Sensation in Albion, Mich.

One of the most remarkable and wonderful cures that has been performed since the Christian era, is in the case of Mr. Geo. Young, a highly respectable citizen of Albion, Calhoun County, Mich. The following is what Mr. Young says:

"For many years I was stricken with a disease of so serious a character that I could not walk or stand. I was reduced in flesh from 180 to 100 pounds. The local physicians called my complaint liver, heart and kidney disease; but after I had paid out a great deal of money, they said I must die, and that very soon. Just at this time one of Dr. Dobson's circulars fell into my hands (I was no believer in Spiritualism), and I thought I would send to him and make a trial, for there was nothing else left for me. He sent what he called spiritual magnetized remedies. I commenced to take them, and in a very short time I began to improve, and to-day I am as healthy a man as there is in Michigan, and can do as hard a day's work, and I know that Dr. Dobson cured me. I took four months of his treatment; two months after I was well, and it has nearly, if not quite, made me a Spiritualist. Since I got well, Dr. Dobson has been here to see me, and I attended one of his slate-writing seances, which, to me, was wonderful. My cure made an excitement in our town, and by its means Dr. Dobson has had over 100 patients here, and he has been successful in curing, or greatly benefiting nearly every one. Myself and wife will never tire in doing everything we can to induce the sick to send to Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa, for assistance—the man that saved me from a premature grave. It is through him and his spirit band of doctors that I am alive."

GEORGE YOUNG.

Albion, Calhoun Co., Michigan.

The foregoing is but one of many similar testimonials furnished Dr. A. B. Dobson, of this city. His disciples number thousands, scattered from Maine to Oregon, and from Dakota to the Gulf. It is quite likely some may be found who have derived no great benefit from his treatment, though we are free to say we have never heard of such a case—the uniform testimony being "entirely cured," or "greatly benefited." "The lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see." Dr. Dobson's career has been a wonderful one; and certainly he is richly deserving of all the success that has crowned his work during the last few years of his residence in this city. He is warm hearted and generous with his friends, while with those disposed to deride or oppose his work, he is not afraid to answer a fool according to his folly.

"Is better to die, some of 'em say."
Than to be cured in such an irreg'lar way.
—Maquoketa (Iowa) Record.

A Good Sign.

When the Catholic Church is laboring, as now, to destroy the public schools, it is a good sign of the times to see Protestants, Spiritualists, Liberals, and others uniting for the defense and preservation of these "colleges for the children of poor men." We can do without churches well enough; the fewer the better, and if there were none at all, the nation would be the gainer. But the public schools we must have, and the man who opposes them is an enemy to free institutions, and he had better go and live in some other country.

At the present time the schools are in danger of being destroyed in many places, by the bigoted opposition of the Catholic Church, as will be seen by the following extract from the speech of Professor Townsend, at Farmington, Mass., on the 17th inst.:

"The 47th article of the Popish encyclical letter says: 'Public schools should be under the charge of the church.' Another authority says: 'Let the public schools go where they came from—the devil.' Father F. T. McCarthy, of Boston, says: 'The public school is subversive of the rights of individuals, families, and of God himself.' They say 'the State has no right to teach.'"

"The public school system of America is a national fraud." That's what Jesuitism is, and that's what the Roman Catholic Church of the United States. They think this the time to go ahead with their plans, as Boston's school committee has not manhood enough to stand up for what is right. The only two members who absolutely refused to do this wrong were women, the only women on the board. Their independence and sagacity will be remembered in history. They show the fitness of some women, at least, to use their rights.

"The ultimate object of the Jesuits is the subjugation of America to Romanism, and the right of the Pope to rule the world must be instilled into the boys. The oath of the cardinals and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church was then read, also the oath of the Jesuit. We've been slow to move, the speaker said, and so are the gods. May we not hope that, like the gods, the people will grind to powder these foes of the republic? They are becoming a political nuisance, and it is harder to banish them from this than from any other country, but the American people are an inventive people, and when they come to the point they will provide the way."

"The Jesuits have the larger part of the press of this country on their side or under their control. I know what I lay myself open to, but I am going to say it all the same. One Boston newspaper, whose motto is, 'for revenue only,' has many Catholics on its staff, another chief editor, although a Protestant, has a Catholic wife, and still another of Boston's leading papers has about half Catholics on its force, and the New York Independent has apparently sold out to the same influence. One of Boston's male teachers has gone over to Catholicism, and one of her lady teachers has consulted me three times about changing from Protestantism to Catholicism, to save her place. Why not wipe out this evil before it is too late? Why talk of tariff, civil service reform, the fisheries, until this is settled, as to whether the American people or the Pope at Rome is to rule this country?"—[Boston Investigator.]

Amens Make but Little Rattle.

"My beloved brethren," announced a preacher from his pulpit, "on sabbath morning next a collection will be taken up for our blessed Feejee mission." "Amens," rang fervently through the congregation. "And I would add," went on the preacher, "that 'amens,' however resonant and sincere, make but little rattle in the contribution box."

How Gas was Found.

The Big Newburg Well Located by Occult Agencies. How the Spirits of Two Former Clevelanders are Alleged to have Revealed the Secret Through Rowley's Telegraph and now the Result Proved the Correctness of Their Revelations.

There is a story connected with the big gas find at Newburg that will give delight to the lovers of the mysterious, and will not be without interest to matter-of-fact people, who will see in what occurred nothing more than a remarkable coincidence. It has been stated that the big gas well was located by the late Charles Latimer with the aid of his divining rod, but that is not the case. Mr. Latimer did locate a gas well out there which was drilled to a depth of nearly 2,300 feet and very little gas found, although Mr. Latimer insisted to the last that the gas was there if the hole had only gone a little deeper. The fact is, the Newburg roarer that was developed Sunday night was located by Mr. W. S. Rowley by means of his "occult telegraph," through which he obtains messages, as is claimed, from the spirits of those who have lived and passed away from earth. It happened more than a year ago, when there was much local excitement about natural gas, and there was a movement on foot to sink wells in this locality and ascertain if gas could be found, that Mr. Rowley and several other gentlemen were experimenting with the machine in the house of a prominent citizen, and communications from various spirits were received. Finally communications came, as was represented, from the spirits of the late Randall P. Wade and ex-Mayor Nate Payne, to the effect that they still took a great interest in the material prosperity of their native city, and that they would prosecute investigations and ascertain if there was any natural gas in the vicinity that could be reached and obtained in profitable quantities. The matter was then dropped, but a few evenings subsequent another communication was received in the same way and from the same source, in which it was set forth that Mr. Wade and Mr. Payne or their spiritual entities had looked into the gas question and had found that in certain localities immense reservoirs of natural gas existed underneath Cleveland, some of them being accessible and capable of supplying immense quantities of gas. Being asked to locate the best spot to drill a well, they indicated the territory out in Newburg, where gas was struck Sunday night, as being the place where the best results might be expected. They said further that the gas was at a depth of about 1,800 feet below the surface. Among those who were present when these communications were received was Mr. J. F. Strong, a well-known insurance man, who is a profound believer in these occult manifestations. He was convinced that what had been stated in the communications about gas was true, and proceeded to put the information to practical use. He endeavored to interest some of the Standard oil people in the scheme to sink a well on the Jewett farm at the place indicated, but they preferred the opinion of Professor Orton to that of hypothetical spirits, and scoffed at the whole business. Mr. Strong persevered, and finally secured the aid and co-operation of several gentlemen of wealth, Mr. George Howe, Mr. Thomas Axworthy, Mr. W. H. Van Tine and others, and operations were begun. They were for a long time unsuccessful and discouraging. The well went down 1,500 feet, and no gas was found. Salt water flooded the well, and the driller finally lost his tools in the well and could not get them out. Mr. Strong's backers grew discouraged, but Mr. Strong never did. He consulted his oracle, the mysterious telegraph of Mr. Rowley, again and again, and was told to keep on for the gas was there. He finally succeeded in inducing his associates to drill another well, and just when they were about to abandon it as a failure, the big vein of gas was struck, as Mr. Rowley's machine said it would be and at the depth predicted. Whether the gas will hold out or not remains to be seen, but Mr. Strong is more than ever convinced that his spirit friends did not deceive him when they told him there was plenty of natural gas for Cleveland if it was looked for in the right place.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Stray Thoughts.

Controlling spirits and guides assume names of less value and importance as the medium unfolds in spirituality. Vanity plays a great roll as yet among our would-be apostles and revelators. Self-study shows up the absurdity of being controlled by ancient spirits, when those of the nineteenth century are more adaptable to our needs and in harmony with our thoughts and feelings—like attracting like, and nothing more.

Worldly wise and great men often betray their littleness of soul by their material transactions—true greatness consisting of external or worldly humility and nobility of thought and action toward others.

That which has been conquered by love is absolute, while a victory gained over others by forced measures or favored circumstances, is but temporary, and often reacts for a total defeat on part of the first victor.

The greater an undeserved humiliation, the more sway it has for an opposite effect—nature requiring an equilibrium in all things, to even the individual affairs of human life.

Resisting temptation is abnegation, for it is only our weaknesses that need combating, and where none exist there is no disturbance.

Those who ruin a brother mortal's prospects in this life by a slanderous tongue, or that which may retard his progress otherwise, become responsible for the damage that may arise out of the same, for the law reacts on the slanderer in ratio to his uncharitableness, selfishness, hatred, or whatever impulse may have impelled him to the act.

A. F. M.

The King's Daughter.

A New Organization of Women for Good Work.

A new organization for women is attracting attention in some of the cities of the country. Twenty thousand Daughters of the Knights are now decorated with the emblem of the order, a Maltese cross of silver suspended by a purple ribbon, and are carrying out the objects of the society—to do good and help all—with a success that was not dreamed of. The name of this order, which is growing faster and faster every day, is "The King's Daughters," and the motto is "In His Name," the initials of which, "I. H. N.," are engraved on the badge.

The good done is performed quietly and without ostentation; no trumpets blare when a kind word is spoken to one in distress, cymbals do not clash when charity is extended, and heralds do not proclaim the fact when good is done "In His Name."

The organization is two years old, and the members do their good work in secret. Mrs. M. L. Dickinson of New York is the general secretary. Two years ago there were 10 members; to-day 20,000 names are enrolled upon its lists. There are circles in 38 States, in Canada, England, France, India, Australia and New Zealand. The members include women belonging to the wealthier classes, as well as the poor shop girls, and is purely unsectarian. A year ago the society had not been regularly organized, but now there are a president, vice-president, secretary and correspondent, central councils circles and "tens."

At New York, Fifth avenue belles and matrons, ladies of all ages from the snowy-haired great-grandmother to the daughter of sweet sixteen, ladies from many contiguous towns and remote distances, meet with one common interest, and each woman wears the little Greek cross.

Ten ladies, two years ago, agreed to take Dr. Edward E. Hale's system of "Ten Times One" for Christian work, with the watch word "In His Name." They also adopted Mr. Hale's motto to—

Look forward, and not back;
Look out, and not in;
Look up, and not down;
Lend a hand.

The little Maltese cross with "I. H. N." engraved on one side, the symbol of love, tied with a bit of purple ribbon to signify royalty, was adopted by this ten as a badge of sisterhood. A member suggested the name of "King's Daughters," after the King's daughter in Psalms, who is described as "all glorious within." Each of this original "ten" formed other "tens," and so on.

Each ten chose its own work. There are now "Anti-Gossip Tens," tens that sing, tens that sew for the poor, tens to visit hospital, the "Heart-ease Ten," who cultivate pansies for the hospitals; the "Quiet Tens," the "Courteous Tens," the "Old Maids' Tens," and the "O'D Ladies' Tens," whose youngest member is eighty years of age.

Any woman may become a daughter by writing to Miss G. H. Libby, No. 18 Washington place, New York, for the badge. All that is required of her is to join a ten, or form one and report it to the society. The whole ground work of the sisterhood is "loving kindness" and gentle deeds done "In His Name."

Plain Irish Talk.

When the Irish people, generally have the courage to talk about the Pope, as does one of their number, (Mr. Finerty of Chicago,) they may be in a condition to obtain the rights they are struggling for.

"For the last 700 years the Irish people have been suffering the tortures of the damned because of Papal interference in Irish affairs. Next to England, Rome has been Ireland's greatest political enemy, and it is on questions of politics now alone, and not on matters of faith, that I am speaking. To have the homes of Ireland levelled to the ground, the fathers, and the brothers, and the sons butchered; the wives, sisters, and daughters outraged; the infants piked or bayoneted, and all promiscuously starving, is a combination of horrors before which the devil himself must stand appalled. If that is a legitimate Government and Pope Leo XIII. maintain that it is, then legitimate Government springs from devils and not from God, and should be opposed, whether the Premier of England or the Pope of Rome is its mouthpiece."

The Pope of Rome has no right to damn me or any other Catholic. His last utterance is an outrage on Irish Catholic manhood and womanhood. The Pope of Rome is the head of the Catholic Church, but in all matters of religion supreme; but the Pope of Rome, an Italian Prince, under Italian policy to carry out at matter what expense to the other Catholic people, it is a fair subject for Irish criticism, and it is from this standpoint I criticize him. I am from a Catholic, I am a believer in the Catholic church, but I am an Irishman, not an Italian, and I am not to be sacrificed for the needs of Italian diplomacy."

Dead Bones.

The religious world ought to rest easy now. The bones of that old Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, have been found. They were in a rough stone coffin beneath the Canterbury Cathedral. A mark has been discovered on the crown of the skull that is said to correspond with the sword-cut the Bishop received which took off the top of his scalp. Thus is Becket identified. What pains the world does take to prove the material side of things! If half had ever been given to find the eternal part of man, no attention would now be bestowed upon the decaying timbers of his earthly abode. Not even those who live and deal in spiritual consolation can get quite away from the bones and ashes of this fleeting life. The problem of immortality seems to be one that the majority of mankind would not solve if they could; but at the same time they have a curiosity in the matter that they prefer shall not grow dull. Not all who are convinced of the soul's endless being are brave enough to say so; there is a charm on the borderland of false that many persons do not try very hard to resist.—[Two Worlds.]